

**The Second Avenue Subway: New Hope for the Dead**  
**How To Choose a Psychiatrist**  
**A School Mess Grows in Queens, by Jimmy Breslin**

40 CENTS

FEBRUARY 8, 1971

# NEW YORK

**Doctor Feelgood,  
You Make Me  
Feel So Good.  
Are You Sure  
It's All Right?  
by Susan Wood**



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## SHIRLEY VERRETT

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: International Opera Singer

HOBBIES: American Antiques, Collecting old engravings of opera singers, compiling a library of musical biographies.

LAST BOOK READ: The American Singer

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Successful critical debut as "Delilah" at La Scala.

QUOTE: "Opera is good discipline. But getting new things to do recharges me. I'm always looking for something else—that's why I like a lot of the new music. It comes from people who are curious, restless—they're the ones who innovate."

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## Page 26

**Doctor Feelgood, Are You Sure It's All Right?**

By Susan Wood

There are many Doctor Feelgoods in New York, dispensing (as the name implies) good feelings. They treat any kind of disorder, but mostly non-physical ailments, from vague malaise to intense anxiety. Armed with needle and prescription pad, they aim chemicals directly at the psyche, affecting their patients' outlook on life. A typical Doctor Feelgood will use a variety of serums in his work, anything from amphetamines and vitamins to, conceivably, mere placebos. His clientele includes politicians, movie stars, the idle and the busy rich. His patients pay his price—usually high—gladly; some are trapped into a dependency on his ministrations that can have dangerous, even tragic, consequences. In the course of reporting the story, Miss Wood, a distinguished photographer, was treated by several Doctor Feelgoods, and tells about it here.



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**Second Avenue Subway: Bumpy Road Ahead**

By Richard Cohen

Work has already begun on the new line, but that doesn't guarantee a smooth completion of the long-awaited plan. A political storm system is on the horizon. Citizens' groups are revving up to do battle with the MTA over various aspects of the project, including the number of stops for Manhattan; surface traffic in parts of the city could be disrupted for nearly a decade. But with luck, we'll all—eventually—profit.



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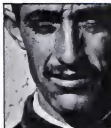
**Dealing with the Met: High Notes, Low Notes, Promissory Notes**

By James McCracken and Sandra Warfield

Tenor McCracken is one of the Metropolitan Opera's most popular singers; his wife, Sandra Warfield, had a brilliant career there once, but has been passed over in recent years. Together, the singers have put together a memoir of their dealings with the Met's management, and of other hardships a singer must face, that could easily make one ask if all that glory is worth all that heartache.



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Did we really need a remake of *Brief Encounter*? Of *Darling*? Some deadheads in movieland obviously thought we did, and were they wrong!

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Irving Caesar, who wrote most of the lyrics for *No, No, Nanette* back in '24, is again having his day, thanks to the show's successful revival. Here he reminisces about the show's early days. He reveals, for example, that the words of "Tea for Two" were never intended to be performed.

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The complexities of finding a psychiatrist can be enough to drive you crazy. Miss Rinzler offers some advice on how to look, and appends a directory of psychiatric referral services in all five boroughs that can get you to the couch in time.

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**The Underground Gourmet:**

The Soybean Syndrome

By Milton Glaser and Jerome Synder

Among the growing number of restaurants specializing in macrobiotic and/or organic foods, a new one on the Upper East Side is particularly interesting.

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**World's Most Challenging Crossword**From *The Sunday Times* of London

Cover: Dr. Feelgood will see you now; photographed by Alfred Gescheidt.

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# LETTERS

## Welfare Housing Crisis

The Johnsons' situation ["The City Politic," January 18, by Gloria Steinem] is one all too common to this and all other neighborhood Office of Economic Opportunity operations.

Rarely a day passes when a welfare recipient doesn't appear at our office with a 72-hour Notice of Eviction. When the facts are revealed, it is often the Department of Social Services which refused to pay the rent, or would not authorize payment of rent increases or higher rents for better facilities. After securing the necessary relief to stay the eviction, frantic negotiations are undertaken with the Welfare Department.

Invariably our attorneys hear the same story about the rent being above the allowable standard and that the clients will be put in a hotel. No response is offered to the question of why Welfare is willing to pay a hotel \$1,500 a month per family and is not willing to pay \$10 or \$20 above the allowable rent for an apartment.

The astronomical cost of the hotels is only part of the expense. There is also the moving in, the storage of furniture and the moving out, which, when it occurs, is only into a building no better suited for occupancy than the original residence was. There is also the constant relocation of children from school to school, and they are often kept out because they lack the necessary residency.

The problem is obvious. However, no solution is offered while the cost of welfare soars and the dehumanizing treatment of recipients continues.

Joseph Farber  
Managing Attorney  
Queens Legal Services Corporation

The current Social Services procedure, Miss Steinem failed to point out, states that an unemployed man with a family in the Aid to Dependent Children category must be signed up for our Work Incentive Program (W.I.P.) which will get him placed in a training program of his choice. We supply a lunch and carfare allowance as well as a small clothing grant. The state will give him \$30 per month for enrolling. If he finds a job, he can leave the program at any time if that is his choice. If the man refuses to sign up, his food allowance will be removed from the budget, but he is not told, nor required, to leave the household.

There are many problems with the Public Assistance program as it now

stands. However, every effort is being made via incentives to bring in more money (working mothers keep most of their earnings while receiving P.A. checks so they can start a savings account or buy clothing and furniture) and keep the families together. A working man in the same category is budgeted similarly. It is no longer true that a family gets more money with the man out of the household.

Sharon Feingold  
Dept. of Social Services, Brooklyn

Miss Steinem replies: Mr. Johnson mentioned hearing of a program of this nature, but he has been told that he would have to account for his whereabouts in the past—thereby proving false his wife's report of living alone. I'll give him your letter and hope this program is a new possibility.

## Garbage Watching

"Cut the Garbage" [January 18] has changed my lifestyle and that of my neighbors. We are now highly organized garbage and other "dreck" savers.

In the past, whenever any one of us would sneeze, cough or wipe our glasses, we would do the natural thing and use tissue paper. Since we were all flush-happy, we felt that this could eventually lead to massive underground ecological problems.

All of that is now being changed. We now use the toilet for absolute essentials and nothing else. On each floor of our building there is a large plastic bag into which we place garbage that would otherwise have gone to the city's underground waterways. Then, every Saturday, two volunteers come around in a converted Good Humor truck and collect the bags. The entire load is taken to the upstate property of one of the building tenants, where it is buried. Perhaps this is a drop out of the bucket, but we must start somewhere.

Richard Smith  
Manhattan

I am sure Adele Auchincloss is a thoughtful, concerned person, but once again, I am amused at the curious provincialism of the "New York mind."

It would be a little difficult for nineteenth-century American women to get the same warm, virtuous glow from re-using our husbands' shirt cardboards, because we launder the shirts at home. Just think of the cardboard we save!

Mrs. Thomas T. Silver  
Knoxville, Tennessee

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This One



# THE CITY POLITIC

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

## PLANTATION DAYS IN SOUTH JAMAICA

One morning last November there arrived at the offices of Community School District 28 in Forest Hills, Queens, a letter from a Mrs. Dusenbury, a parent of a child in one of the 30 schools which make up the district. Mrs. Dusenbury's child is enrolled at Edgar Shimer Junior High, also known as IS 142 or JHS 142. Shimer is a 30-year-old, dirty-yellow-brick building which sits in the black neighborhood known as South Jamaica. Mrs. Dusenbury's letter was addressed to Mrs. Sophie Price, president of Community School Board 28, and to Hugh McDougall Jr., superintendent of schools for the district. Both are white and both live in white Forest Hills.

Mrs. Dusenbury's letter said:

*Dear Dr. McDougall  
and Mrs. Sophie Price:*

What kind of people are you?

Mrs. Price you suppose to be a mother. Would you send your four children to this school and under Policies of 200 with armed weapon? To me my children are my life. What if you were in my place? I want the best for them but it will never happen until people like you and McDougall serve the public are out of office.

You nor McDougall could hear us when I called so many times trying to transfer my child. So live this way and satisfy your conscious if you two have one!

*A Parent, Mrs. Dusenbury*

Mrs. Price did not answer Mrs. Dusenbury's letter, but McDougall did. He said:

*Dear Mrs. Dusenbury,*

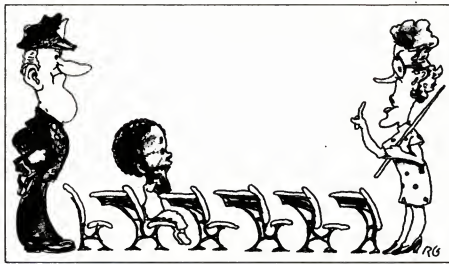
The conditions at Shimer Junior High School have not materialized overnight. They are the result of community neglect and non-interest. We are rebuilding Shimer and I can assure you that the children will receive as good an education as anywhere else in this city. We need your faith and trust that this will take place and I sincerely hope that you will so instruct your child as we devote our energies to the school.

Sincerely yours,

*Hugh McDougall Jr.*

*Community Superintendent*

McDougall's language was predictable—all public servants place the blame elsewhere, particularly on the victim, if possible—and it also was a highly accurate reflection of the temper



and skin tone of the majority of the people on the elected school board which hired him. Because of the wide difference in lifestyles and commitment evidenced by the above letters, Shimer Junior High is now in the fourth month of a parents' boycott which each day has kept the school half-empty.

The durability of the boycott has been as amazing as it has been disturbing. There are 1,350 students enrolled at Shimer. On most of the days since November 9, when the boycott began, parents have kept 500 to 600 children out of the school. One Monday, figures showed only 150 attending. Those who do attend must go to school past groups of police. Inside, kids rattle down the staircases and roam the hallways during the periods. Fire alarms are pulled as jokes. As a result of one alarm, several children were injured by others rushing crazily down staircases.

Public attention has been almost nonexistent. Shimer's protesting parents can keep children home, but they are too caught up in trying to meet payments—many of them work two jobs—to attend meetings or demonstrations. News coverage has been tiny. So Shimer goes unnoticed in an unnoticed black neighborhood of Queens. But the grievance there continues, and it can only spread and put the entire city in desperate trouble before anybody realizes what is happening.

The lines for School District 28 appear to have been drawn by somebody who has palsy. Instead of placing the South Jamaica neighborhood into one school district, the lines in Queens were drawn to break the black area into three districts, attaching each to a white district, thus assuring Albert Shanker's

teachers of never having to work directly under the Mau Maus they see in their sleep each night.

Shimer, in one part of South Jamaica, was swallowed up in a white district mostly made up of packed high-rises in Rego Park and Forest Hills and blocks of the white-owned, one-family houses which made Queens the original suburb.

Putting South Jamaica into this sort of school district is insanity. On the one hand, you have PS 99 in Kew Gardens, which is the Yale of Queens public grammar schools, and on the other hand you have Shimer Junior High. Community School Board 28 is composed of six white and three black members. The vote on most issues is 6-3, and you figure out the winner.

The trouble began last fall with the little surface bickering which marks the start of all deep arguments. An acting principal of the school, Mrs. Desiree Greenidge, a black woman, wanted the doors padlocked to keep out drug sellers and the hoodlums who have hung around the school for years. A new custodian wanted the doors open to conform with fire regulations. The parents supported Mrs. Greenidge, who kept the school open during the 1968 strike. Promptly and inevitably, the dispute became a fight with the school board and the superintendent, McDougall.

In the course of the fight McDougall had Mrs. Greenidge relieved of duty. He then had her arrested for criminal trespassing. The arrest blew the thing apart forever. McDougall then moved to get seventeen teachers out of the school who were supporting the parents' boycott. Predictably, the Tactical Patrol Force rolled up in their buses



and piled out to handle their most important job, which is keeping niggers in line.

The boycott began and it had little visible effect on the people in Community School District 28's offices. McDougall and the school board decided to wait these black people out in the certain knowledge that Mayor John Lindsay had no power to step in and that Chancellor Harvey Scribner, having just stepped into a dispute at Benjamin Franklin High School, was not quite up to overriding an elected school board and its appointed superintendent.

The white thinking which runs District 28 was seen best, perhaps, at the monthly school board meeting in January. The meeting was held at PS 54 in Richmond Hill with the school board sitting at a table on the auditorium stage and McDougall, straight-faced, seated to one side. The great majority of the noisy audience consisted of parents and teachers involved with Shimer. The boycott was in its eighth week now. Only 150 students were in school the day before. Yet the calendar for the meeting put the Shimer situation at the bottom. For nearly three hours, Mrs. Sophie Price, a plump white woman, attempted to stick firmly to that calendar.

Whenever somebody in the audience complained, Mrs. Price would look down at him—"She acts like she's on the back porch looking at the pickaninies," an attorney attending the meeting said to me—and point out that Shimer would be gotten to if everybody would please be quiet and allow the first and therefore the most important business to go on. When people attempted to speak, or called for a change in the order of the calendar, Mrs. Price plunged into the safety of rules and bylaws.

At one point, somebody in the audience stood up and called out, "We have children who have not been in school for eight weeks now. Eight weeks. And you are concerning yourself with feeder patterns from Montauk to Greenport and the conditions of a lunchroom in Rosedale."

Mrs. Price frowned. "Montauk?" she said, shaking her head in surprise. "Why, nobody mentioned Montauk." Her tactic was to omit meanings and cling to words and rules. A smaller woman sitting next to her, a woman whose ability to bristle when spoken to by a black is a remarkable sight, grew huffy.

As time dragged, most of the audience began to regard the situation as a game designed to make them weary and leave. Many began asking the board to make motions. Mrs. Price went to her rules. The woman next to her bristled and clucked. On one side of the stage McDougall sat, arms folded, face ex-



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pressionless. When his turn to speak came, he walked off the stage to a lectern in front of the auditorium. His talk consisted of hoping that people would attend some sort of a showing devoted to education history, someplace. He then strolled up an aisle and out of the auditorium. His effect on the black audience was total.

"You woulda been a bitch runnin' a plantation!" a black woman screamed at his back.

It was well after 11 p.m. when matters concerning Shimer were brought up. The matters made no mention of children not in school. They dealt with the school board's desire to hire a trial examiner to aid in prosecution of the suspended teachers. One white man in the audience got up and said that it was apparent to him that there was much bigotry against blacks showing itself in the board's actions, and that it should be recognized and expunged.

Board member Howard Abadinsky came to the lectern. He said, "It is racism that calls somebody . . ." he paused for effect, ". . . a white Jew bastard."

Abadinsky created chaos. Blacks leaped from their seats. One white man rushed the stage shouting at him, "This imbecile is trying to start a race riot. I want him committed for observation."

The meeting ended in confusion. There would be another one in a month. McDougall and his school board only had to ride out minor demonstrations by the black people. One legal move drew all sides into the chambers of State Supreme Court Justice William Brennan in Jamaica. He embarked on a week of mediating. The community school board listened to him, then to their horror discovered that Judge Brennan was committing the great error of deciding that the blacks were the ones being hurt by the situation. The school board held a closed meeting in which white members angrily rejected some things—dropping charges against Mrs. Greenidge, for example—Judge Brennan thought might help get a compromise. Last week, in disgust, Judge Brennan recommended that Chancellor Scribner step in and take over the Shimer School.

This grubby little school district fight out in Queens someplace goes on, and nobody cares about it. No political leader has stepped in, the bureaucracy fumbles along and the great fear spread through the city by Albert Shanker—the niggers are going to kill us all, particularly Jews, in school hallways—is at the bottom of it. And somewhere in South Jamaica each day, a piece of the future of hundreds of children is lost while they sit at home and watch a game show on daytime television.

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REPORT:

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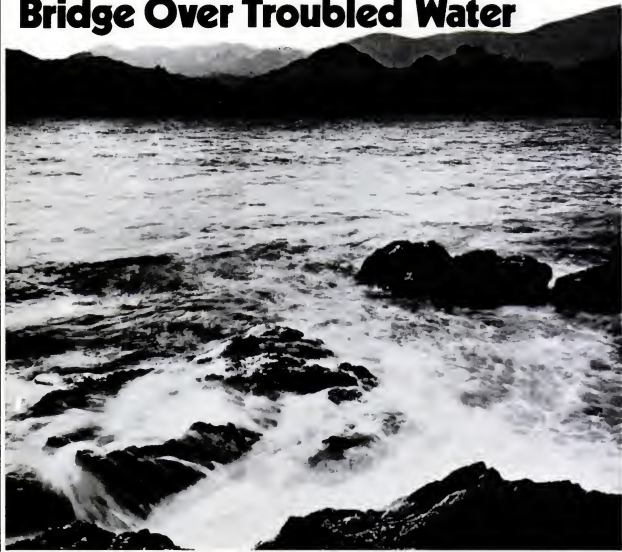
*There are no two ways about this—  
it's a marvellously exciting way to look.*

**In down beat Issue: 12/24/70**

**Rating: ★★★★★**

SP 3032

**Paul Desmond**  
**Bridge Over Troubled Water**



It's a perfect collaboration between the two Pauls, Simon to write the songs and Desmond to play them.  
*Leonard Feather*

**on A&M**

produced and arranged by Don Sebes



# MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

## February 5 thru 11

(Listings highly subject to change)

### OPENINGS

#### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

**Puzzle of a Downfall Child**—The Americanization of *Derling*, anyone? Not by a long shot. Faye Dunaway is the fashion model cum psychoses in a movie that is as static, boringly camp-elegant and fatuous as a stack of *Top Models of Vogue*. 34th St East, at 2nd Ave. (MU 3-0255).

**Ramparts of Clay**—The story of a 19-year-old Tunisian girl who observes the life and ritual of her village and reaches for liberation, this is the rare exquisite film that brings the exotic to us in everyday and beautiful terms. Thru 2/12, Cinema II, 3rd Ave. nr 60th (PL 3-0744).

#### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

**Joe Lobo**—John Wayne stars as a tough, brawling ex-Civil War officer who tries to free a Texas town of carpet-baggers. Directed by Howard Hawks. Victoria, W 125th nr 7th (UN 4-0500).

**Sudan Terror**—A young boy becomes innocently involved in a brutal political assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries and Susan George, directed by John Hough. Forum, Bkwy at 47th St (757-8320); Murray Hill, 3rd Ave. at 34th St (685-7852).

### THE MOVIES

**Alex in Wonderland**—Donald Sutherland, as a director facing the question of what his next film should be, provides the main interest in what is otherwise a hung-up Hollywood poverty-program version of 65. Thru 2/9, 59th St Twins, E. of Third (688-0750); Cinema Studio, Bkwy at 66th (677-4040).

**Bed and Board**—Francis Truffaut's warm, witty and glowing sequel to *Stolen Kisses*—with Jean-Pierre L  aud and Claude Jade continuing their roles—brings his alter ego of 400 *Blows* to marriage and parenthood. Fine Arts, 58th St. nr Lexington (PL 5-6030).

**Borsellino**—Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon are a charming pair of 1930's Marseille gangsters in a sort of lavish French version of *Butch Cassidy*. Symphony, 210-1-16, Bkwy nr 95th (222-6600).

**Brewster McCloy**—Filmed in and around the *Astradome*, M\*A\*S\*H-director Robert Altman's satire about the alien aspects of humans is pure refined madness—the finest black fantasy-comedy since *Dr. Strangelove*. Thru 2/9, 86th St East, nr Third (249-1144) and Victoria, Bkwy at 46th (JU 6-0540).

**Carry It On**—Joan Beaz, her husband David Herlis, and their involvement in the peace movement is the subject of this cinema verite documentary. 2/5-11, Midtown, Bkwy nr 99th (AC 2-1200).

**Catch-22**—Though a lot of Joseph Heller's black-comedy novel is missing, we still can be grateful for the bits and pieces and for Alan Arkin's fine performance in a film that ranges from the very, very good to the pretentiously mediocre. 2/10-16, Symphony, Bkwy nr 95th (222-6600).

**Cromwell**—Richard Harris is excellent as the round-head and Alec Guinness perfection as the cavalier Charles I in this straightforward, rich and rewarding historical piece, glowing with period, pertinence and honest detail. Trans-Lux 85th St, at Madison (BU 6-8180); Lincoln Art, 225 W 57th (JU 2-2330).

**Cult of the Damned**—Jennifer Jones, Jordan Christopher and Roddy McDowall in a film about acid rock and ritual murder. Penthouse, Bkwy at 47th (757-5450).

**Doctors**—Wynne Davis Cannon, Jenice Rube, Diana Sands, Cara Williams and Rachel Roberts co-star with bloody guts in this trashily awful sex-and-

surgery soap. The A.M.A. should sue. Cine, 3rd Ave. at 86th (427-1332); State II, Bkwy at 45th (JU 2-5070).

**Diary of a Mad Housewife**—Portraying the wife whose marriage has become unbearable, the talented Carolee Goodspeed more than compensates for the lack of subtlety in the Frank and Eleanor Perry film based on Sue Kaufman's book. Thru 2/9, Art, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

**Five Easy Pieces**—Jack Nicholson is outstanding as a man running away from his roots and responsibility, the supporting cast is stunning and this fine motion picture is fascinating, haunting and abrasively contemptuous. Thru 2/6, 34th St E, at 2nd Ave. (MU 3-0255); Thru 2/10, De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th (265-6430).

**Foots**—Katherine Ross continues to reveal her non-acting ability as the girl who gives up her handsome, young and rich husband to take up with an over-age Bowery-bound actor played by Jason Robards. 66th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-0302).

**Gimme Shelter**—The Maybles Brothers' documentary of the Altamont free concert features Mike Jagger, the Rolling Stones, and Hell's Angels, and should be seen for its revelations about the people on stage and off during the rock generation's massive communal bed trip. Plaza, 58th St betw Park & Madison (355-3320).

**Groupies**—A sad, stunning and unforgettable documentary portrait of the group followers—girls and boys—and the rock groups some of them follow, use and get used by in the contemporary drug-rock scene. Midtown, Bkwy nr 99th, 2/5 thru 11 (AC 2-1200).

**Husbands**—Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk and John Cassavetes portray a trio of middle-aged, middle-type buddies on a drunken spree in director Casavetes' long (138 min.), boring and disappointing wallow in "personal" moviemaking. Cinema I, 3rd Ave. nr 60th (PL 3-6022).

**Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion**—A superb political thriller about police authority in a "democratic" society and the horrifying effects of personal power on personality. Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (EL 5-1663).

**Joe**—The murder of his daughter's hippie-lover brings an ad-agency executive into close contact with a factory worker and some ugly truths about middle-class America. Skillful direction and brilliant performance. Cine Maibu, 59th nr 2nd Ave (759-4630); 2/10-16, Embassy, 72nd at Bkwy (SC 4-6745); Riverside, Bkwy nr 96th (MO 3-4530); Thru 2/10, 6th St Playhouse, W of 5th (GR 7-7674).

**Julius Caesar**—This new film version is an exciting spectacle, emphasizing scene and maladroitness, bringing a fresh pertinence and importance to the play. Excellent performances by John Gielgud, Charlton Heston, Richard Johnson and others. Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 51st (LE 2-5668); Riviera, Bkwy nr 97th (RI 9-0466).

**Little Big Man**—Director Arthur Penn, Dustin Hoffman and an outstanding supporting cast have created a stunning multi-level film from the fictional autobiography of the 120-year-old sole white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. Paramount, 61st & Bkwy (247-5070); Sutton, 57th nr 3rd (PL 9-1411).

**Little Fauss and Big Halsy**—A contrived look at motorcycle racing with Robert Redford as a big heel and Michael Pollard as a little schoolbook. Muddles, pretentious, messy and dull. Thru 2/9, Embassy, 72nd St at Bkwy (SC 4-6745) and Charles, Ave B at 12th (GR 5-4210).

**Little Murders**—Julius Feiffer's insane, angry and devastatingly funny comment on our human and/or family relationships and the horrors that surround us has been brilliantly directed by Alan Arkin, with expertly acted by Elliott Gould, Marcia Rodd and all involved. Beekman, 2nd Ave. nr 65th (RE 7-2622).

**Love and Other Strangers**—A light, slick comedy about an Italian wedding with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, Bonnie Bedelle, Bea Arthur and other likeable talents. Cinema Rendezvous, Thru 2/9, 110 W 57th (JU 6-4446).

**Lovers**—Howard John Ryan O'Neal meets, marries and loses (to movie-star disease) Ruffalo Mozart-lover Al MacGraw in Erich Segel's contemporary soap story. It's merely vulgar—without being funny. Loew's State I, Bkwy and 45th (JU 2-5060); Tower East, 3rd Ave. nr 72nd (TR 1-1313).

**Lupo!**—This sickeningly halimish Israeli film, a comedic soap opera about the unofficial mayor—a junk dealer—of the Tel Aviv slums, is filled with least performances, reckless foolish stereotypes and horrendous rock music. Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. nr 57th (PL 7-2131).

**Pigeons**—Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara in a romantic comedy directed by John Dexter, and filmed entirely in New York. Trans-Lux West, 3rd Ave. nr 56th (PL 2-2252); Trans-Lux West, Bkwy at 49th (CO 5-1355).

**Promise at Dawn**—Melina Mercouri is dazzling as the offbeat, daring, wild and wonderful woman in Jules Dassin's enchanting film based on Romaine's memoir of his mother. On the Great Stage: "Musiciens." Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th (PL 7-3100).

**Psychout for Murder**—Psychological suspense drama starring Rossano Brazzi, Nino Castelnuovo and Adrienne LaRussa. Embassy, 46th St & Bkwy (PL 7-2408).

**Ryan's Daughter**—David Lean and Robert Bolt have created a film of rare cinematic power and beauty—the story of a romantic girl and her understanding husband, her lover and the door village they inhabit during "the trouble" in Ireland. Outstanding performances by Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles and everyone involved. Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th (765-7600).

**Say Hello to Yesterday**—Leonard Whiting is a working-class lad who meets, chases and beds suburban housewife Jean Simmons, and not an iota of credibility can be found in this frenetic pretentious pap. Paris, 5th Ave. & 58th (MU 8-2013).

**Song of Norway**—Strictly for scenery lovers is this mindless mess based on the schmeltzy 1944 Broadway musical about the life of composer Edvard Grieg. It's the sort of stuff that gives family movies a bad name. Cinemas, Bkwy at 47th (CO 5-5711).

**Take the Money and Run**—Woody Allen's comedy in the classic tradition is quintessential Allen, beautifully comic and simply rib-cracking fun. Thru 2/9, RKO 23rd St, at 6th Ave (255-7050).

**The Aristocrats**—Kiddies and parents alike should find pleasure in the old-time high-style Disney animation and the bright and breezy songs in this movie about the adventures of a Parisian mommy cat and her prankish kittens. Guild, Thru 2/9, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2406).

**The Ballad of Cable Hogue**—Jason Robards is a grizzled prospector-capitalist (he struck water in the desert) in this off-beat Western. Despite some self-indulgence by director Sam Peckinpah, it's pleasant enough. Thru 2/9, Symphony, Bkwy nr 95th (222-6200).

**The Last Valley**—This scenery takes the cake in this dreary spectacular taken from the 30 Years War; unfortunately, there are people—Michael Caine and Anne Sheriff among them—and plot to louse up the view. Rivolt, Bkwy at 49th (CI 7-1633); Juliet II, 3rd Ave. & 83rd (249-1606).

**The Molly Maguires**—Martin Ritt's gloomy and not very interesting film about a secret terrorist miners' organization in the 1870's never becomes more than a desultory story of moral scraps about being a company spy. Thru 2/9, Embassy, 72nd at Bkwy (SC 4-6745).



**The Music Lovers**—Kan (*Women in Love*) Russell's film of the life, love and angst of Tchaikovsky is a lush but strictly Victorian-meliorist mishmash of neuroses and cinematic self-indulgence, to the ultimate movie music. Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 56th (EL 5-1663).

**The Out-of-Towners**—The Fun City misadventures of a couple of stupids from Ohio—Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis—lack the sustained believability or the fine maddest so necessary to comedy. Instead, it merely insults New Yorkers, Ohioans and other thinking people. 2/10-18, Embassy, 72nd at Bowley (SC 6-6745).

**The Owl and the Pussycat**—For the sophisticated there's at least the delight of Barbra Streisand's bravura performance as the brassy hooker who hooks bookish school teacher to comedy. Instead, it merely insults New Yorkers, Ohioans and other thinking people. 2/10-18, Embassy, 72nd at Bowley (SC 6-6745).

**The Projectionist**—This delightful and joyous treat for movie-lovers is about a movie-house projectionist (Chuck McCann) whose dream life is a series of series and an exciting history of movie high adventure as well. Fifth Ave Cinema, nr 13th St (WA 4-6339).

**The Reckoning**—Nico Williams' performance as a self-made corporate exec on the rise is brilliant, but the Ruthless Bastard Triumphant theme of this British movie is all too familiar. Festival, 57th St at 5th (LT 1-2323).

**There Was a Crooked Man**—Producer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's western about a warden and his flock in a territorial prison is a fine entertainment, marked by good performances (Henry Fonda, Kirk Douglas, Hume Cronin, among others), simple professionalism and literacy. From 2/10, RKO 23rd St, at 6th Ave (255-7050).

**The Statue**—Cinema's comedy about a miscast statue, starring David Niven, Virginia Llee, Robert Vaughn, Art, Bowley at 45th (JU 6-2240); Orpheum, 86th nr 3rd (AT 9-4607).

**The Vampire Lovers**—Grislly tale about female vampires on the prowl, with Ingrid Pitt, George Cole, Kate O'Mara, Dawn Adams and Peter Cushing. Penthouse, Bowley & 47th (257-5450).

**This Man Must Die**—French director Claude Chabrol's thriller, based on Nicholas Bloy's story of a father avenging the hit-and-run death of his son, is marked by his mastery of the genre, attention to nuance and meticulous probing of the hearts of his characters. 2/10, 2/9, 6th St Playhouse, W 5th (GR 7-7874).

**Traah**—Joe Dallesandro and transvestite Holly Woodlawn are surprisingly touching in this Paul Morrissey movie about an impatient junkie and his pad-meet. Raw, meandering and sickeningly accurate, it's the best Andy Warhol production to date. Cinema II, 2nd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). From 2/10, Art, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

**Zachariah**—The idea of a "rock-western" is relatively fresh, but this one's waltz, cliché-ridden, lightweight into-pastorale-overdose nonsense, with mediocre music. Little Carnegie, 57th nr 7th Ave (246-5123); Juliet, 1st Ave & 83rd (246-1806).

Excerpted from Judith Crist's reviews

#### THE MOVIE HOUSES'

Schedules change at drop of a hat; phone ahead.

Art, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Art, Bowley at 45th (JU 6-2240). The Statue. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Barnet, 3rd Ave at 59th (EL 5-1663). Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Baskman, 2nd Ave nr 65th St (RE 7-2622). Little Murders. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Bijou, 45th & Bowley (257-6760). Franks; White Zombies. On Sundays, Greek films only. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cameo Art, 44th St & 6th Ave (246-9650). Kame Suite 71. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave nr 57th (PL 7-2131). Lupo! 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Charles, 6th & 12th (GR 5-4210). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cine Maibau, 59th St nr 2nd (759-4630). Joe. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinema 1, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Husbands. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W 73rd (JU 8-4448). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinema Studio, Bowley at 66th (677-4040). Alax in Wonderland. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (324-3363). I Never Sang for My Father. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Cinerama, Bowley at 47th (CO 5-5711). Song of Norway. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Collaume, Bowley at 161st (WA 7-2000). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

How Do I Love Thee? 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). The Music Lovers. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Criterion, Bowley at 45th St (JU 2-1795). My Fair Lady. 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

DeMille, 7th Ave at 47th (265-6430). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

How Do I Love Thee? 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

8th St Playhouse, W of 5th (GR 7-7874). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

86th St E. 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Elgin, 6th Ave & 19th St (875-0935). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

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stahl, 2/9, What's Happening? 2 p.m. Olympia; 5:30, Cinecroc: An Evening with Barbara Loden 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

N.Y. Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle (AS1-2311). French Film Retrospective, thru 2/14. 4 and 6 p.m. Wed thru Sun. 2/3, 4, 5, La Kermesse Heroïque '35 (Feyder) 2/6, 7, Farnèque '46 (Georges Rouquier) 2/10, 11, 12, La Saline de La Pour '53 (Clouzot), Yves Montand, Simone Signoret.

New Yorker, Bowley at 68th (TR 4-9169). 2/5, Go Into Your Dance; Casablanca, 2/6, Casablanca; Laurel & Hardy #3, 2/7, Laurel & Hardy #3; 42nd Street, 2/8, 42nd Street; The Ballad of Cable Hogue, 2/9, The Ballad of Cable Hogue; Invasion of the Body Snatchers, 2/10, Invasion of the Body Snatchers; The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz, 2/11, The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz; Persons.

Orleans, 47th St bet Bowley & 87th (257-3503). Cruz; Persons.

Orpheum, 68th nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). The Statue. Penthouse, 61st & Bowley (227-5070). Little Big Man.

Paris, 5th Ave & 58th (MU 8-2013). Say Hello to Yesterday.

Penthouse, Bowley & 47th (257-5450). The Vampire Lovers; Cult of the Damned.

Plaza, 58th St E of Madison (355-3320). Gimme Shelter.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100). Promise at Dawn.

Riviera, Bowley nr 96th (MU 6-4300). Joe.

Riviera, Bowley nr 97th (RI 9-6046). Julius Caesar.

Rivoli, Bowley and 49th St (247-1633). The Last Valley.

RKO 23rd St, at 8th Ave (255-7050). 2/9, How Do I Love Thee? Take the Money and Run. From 2/10, There Was a Crooked Man.

RKO Twins, 59th St E of Third (688-0750). 2/9, Alex in Wonderland. From 2/10, The Night Visitor.

72nd St Playhouse, nr 1st Ave (BU 6-9304). Owl and the Pussycat.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-0302). Fools.

State I, Bowley and 45th (JU 2-5060). Love Story.

State II, Bowley and 45th (JU 2-5070). Doctors' Wives.

Sutton, 57th St nr 3rd (PL 9-1411). Little Big Men.

Symphony, Bowley nr 95th (222-6600). 2/9, The Wild Bunch; The Ballad of Cable Hogue. 2/10-18, Catch-22; Borsalino.

Thalia, 95th St and Bowley (AC 2-3370). 2/5-7, Boris Godunov (Ballet of the Bolshoi Opera); Brecht and Weill: The Three-Penny Opera, Lotta Lenoir, 2/6, 9, Bargman's Hour of the Wolf; Antonioni's Eclipse, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti, 2/10, 11, The Trial, Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau; Jean Genet's The Balcony, Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Ruby Dee.

34th St East, at 2nd (MU 3-0255). 2/9, 2/6, Five Easy Pieces. From 2/7, Puzzle of a Downfall; Little Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313). Love Story.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave nr 56th (PL 9-2282). Pigeons.

Trans-Lux East, at Madison (BU 6-3160). Cromwell.

Trans-Lux West, Bowley at 49th (CO 5-1355). Pigeons.

Victoria, Bowley & 46th (JU 6-0540). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Victoria, 125th nr 7th (UN 4-0500). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Waverly, 6th Ave at W 3rd (WA 9-8037). The Owl and the Pussycat.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave at 75th (249-4100). 2/9, 2/9, 6th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

# IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

## Theater

### PREVIEWS AND OPENINGS

#### THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

**The School for Wives**—Brian Bedford stars in a new adaptation by Richard Wilbur of the Mollara comedy, with Peggy Pope, John Ven Ark, Mario Siliati, David Dukes and Paul Bellamyne. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/15 opening. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-9897).

### CURRENT

**A Midsommer Night's Dream**—The Royal Shakespeare Company's cellithumphant production, directed by Peter Brook. With Alan Howard, Sara Hestelman, John Kane, Philip Locke, David Weiler, Ralph Cotterill, Mats. Wed & Sat. Billy Rose, 208 W 41st, nr 7th (WI 7-5510).

**Applause**—Lauren Bacall is electrifying in a fast-moving musical of "All About Eve," and Penny Fuller does a bang-up job as the what-makes-Sammy-run character. Music & lyrics: Strouse & Adams, choreography by Ron Field. Mats, Wed & Sat. Pelco, Broadway at 47th (PL 7-8262).

**Bob and Ray**—The Two and Only—An entertaining procession of the team's memorable radio characters, from fetuous Wally Bellow to the corrupt mayor of Skunkhevan, Jr., Mat, Wed & Sat. John Golden, 252 W 45th, nr 8th (CI 6-5740).

**Butterflies Are Free**—Comedy-drama by Leonard Gershe, with Kipp Osborne as a doubly blind boy on his own in New York; Rosemary Murphy as his mother and Kathleen Miller as his next-door neighbor contribute funny moments. Mat, Wed, Sat & Sun, Booth, 222 W 45th, nr Broadway (248-5969).

**Company**—Larry Kart, Elaine Stritch and Barbara Barria in a bitter, biting musical comedy about some of your best friends in life, directed by Harold Prince. Book: George Furth. Music & Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim. Chorus: Michael Bennett. Mats, Wed & Sat. Alvin, 252 W 52nd, nr Broadway (PL 7-8648).

**Conduct Unbecoming**—Paul Jones, Jeremy Clyde, Michael Berrington, Donald Pickering and Ellette-beth Shepherd in a play by Barry England concerning British military life in India. Mats, Wed, Sat, Sun. Barrymore Theater, 243 W 47th (CI 6-0390).

**Fiddler on the Roof**—Paul Lipson is the current Teyve and Peg Murray is his wife in this musical, now in its seventh year, still fresh and worth revisiting. Mats, Wed, Sat & Sun. Broadway Theater, Broadway at 53rd (CI 7-7992).

**Four on a Garden**—Play in four segments, adapted and directed by Aba Burrows, starring Carol Chennin and Sid Caesar, with George S. Irving and Tom Lee Jones. Sets by Oliver Smith. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6999).

**Hair**—The fascinating American tribal love-rock musical that ushered in a new era in the entertainment world. Even better second and third time around. Mats, Wed & Sat. Baltimore, 261 W 47th, off Broadway (582-5340).

**Happy Birthday, Wanda June**—This new play by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., deals with a modern Odysseus, and stars Kevin McCarthy, Marsha Mason, Keith Charles and William Hickley. Mat, Wed, Sat & Sun. Edison Theater, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

**Home**—The Royal Court Theater's production of David Storey's play, directed by Lindsey Anderson, with John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Jessica Tandy, Mome Washburn. Thru 2/20 only, so hurry or you will miss an excellent drama and superlative acting. Mats, Wed & Sat. Morosco, 215 W 45th (246-8230).

**Last of the Red Hot Lovers**—Neil Simon's comedy about the trials and misadventures of a young philanderer, made amusing by James Coco with

the aid of Rita Moreno, Doris Roberts and Mercia Rodd. Mats, Wed & Sat. Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W 49th, nr Bowley (246-6220).

**Man of La Mancha**—Gideon Singer, of Israel, is the current Don. Mats, Wed and Sat. Martin Beck, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

**No, No, Nanette**—Revival of Vincent Youmans' classic, with Ruby Keeler, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Van, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher. So nice to have Ruby back, and also Art Deco. Mats, Wed & Sat. 48th St Theater, 228 W 48th (CI 6-4271).

**Promises, Promises**—Musical adaptation of "The Apartment," starring Tony Roberts, Jenny O'Hara. Book, music and lyrics by Neil Simon, Burt Bacharach, Hal David. Handsome and melodious and has just entered its third year. Mats, Wed & Sat. Shubert, 255 W 44th, nr Broadway (248-5864).

**Purlie**—Musical version of the Ossie Davis play by Gary Geld and Peter Udell, with Cleavon Little, Melba Moore and John Heffernan. Mats, Wed, Sat & Sun. Winter Garden, Broadway nr 50th (CI 4-4878).

**1776**—The Founding Fathers, gathered in Philadelphia to draft the D. of I., furnish the story line for this prize-winning musical by Peter Stone and Sherman Edwards. Fine entertainment. Mats, Wed, Sat & Sun. Thru 2/20. For theater parties, 796-3074. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

**Sleuth**—A mystery thriller by Anthony Shaffer starring Anthony Oueyia and Keith Baxter, both of whom are staggeringly brilliant. Mats, Wed & Sat. Music Box, 238 W 45th (248-4639).

## SCALPERS' RATES FOR BIGGIES

A Midsommer Night's Dream \$50 a pair

No, No, Nanette \$50 a pair

Sleuth \$40 a pair

This doesn't mean that if you go to the box office before performance time you might not get a turned-in orchestra pair and balcony seats are occasionally available.

**Story Theater**—A pleasure and revelation to watch this improvisational theater group that works with famous fairy tales and makes them fresh and off-beat. The cast: Peter Boyce, Linda Lavlin, Hamid Camp, Charles Bartlett, Paul Sand, Melinda Dillon, Mary Frenn, Richard Liberman. Musical accompaniment by The True Brethren. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat & Sun. Ambassador, 215 W 49 (CO 5-1855).

**The Gingerbread Lady**—A new play by Neil Simon, with Maureen Stapleton, Betsy von Furstenberg, Michael Lombard, Charles Siabart, Ayn Ruman and Alex Colton. Guarantees a laugh every 30 seconds and a possible case of hiccups. Plymouth, 237 W 45th (CI 6-9156).

**The Me Nobody Knows**—Lovely, lively pop rock musical by Will Holt and Gary William Friedman, charming and ingenious. Won the Obie award for the best off-Broadway musical. Mats, Wed, Sat & Sun. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 48th (CI 6-6380).

**The Playboy of the Western World**—John Millington Synge's play, with David Birney, John Bosco, Tenny Cronyn, Stephen Elliot, Elizabeth Huttie, Frances Sternhagen and Sydney Walker. This was one of the best of Ireland's black comedies. Mats, Sat & Sun. Thru 2/20. Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center, 150 W 85th (EN 2-7618).

**The Rothschilds**—The season's first new musical is fine, just fine. With Paul Hecht, Hal Linden, Lella Michaels, Keene Curtis, Jill Clayburgh, By Sherman Yellen, Jerry Beck and Sheldon Harnick. Directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd. Mats, Wed & Sat. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 48th (JU 6-5555).

**Two By Two**—A musical based on "Flowering Peach," by Clifford Odets, with music by Richard Rodgers, George Stiles, Danny Kaye stars, with Harry Goff, Madeline Kahn, Michael Karm, Joan Cope-

land, Walter Willison, Tricia O'Neill. Mat., Wed & Sat. Imperial, 249 W 45th St (CO 5-2412).

### OFF AND OFF-BROADWAY

#### PREVIEWS AND OPENINGS

#### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

**Hedda Gabler**—Hillard Elkins' production of the Ibsen play, with Claire Bloom and Donald Madden. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/17 opening. Alternates with *A Doll's House*. Playhouse, 357 W 48th, W of 8th Ave (541-9620).

**Lisa and Acrobats**—Two one-act plays by Israel Horowitz, directed by James Hammerstein. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/15 opening. Theater Delys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

#### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

**Second City**—Satirical review which had its inception in Chicago in 1959 presents "Cooler Near the Lake." Plaza 9 Music Hall, Hotel Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000).

**The House of Blue Leaves**—Harold Gould, Anna Meira, Jerry Stiller and Frank Converse in a comedy by John Gure, about a song-writing Central Park Zookeeper. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th (533-0910).

#### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

**Istanbul—Rocke (Futz) Owens'** new drama starring the Greenwich Street Despo, concerned with the exigencies of making a living in 15th century Asia Minor. Robert Weinsien directs. Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave S (876-1536).

#### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

**AC/DC**—Drama by Heathcote Williams, set in an amusement arcade, emphasizes the ways in which people feed off each other by sipping their brains. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/17 opening. Chelsea Theater Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St, Bklyn (783-2434).

**Landscape and Silence**—Batty Field in two new one-act plays by Harold Pinter, directed by Harold Pinter and presented by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, 2/9, 10, 13, 18, 19 and mat. 2/13. The Forum, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7618).

### CURRENT

**A Doll's House**—Hillard Elkins' revival of the Ibsen play, with Claire Bloom, Donald Madden and Patricia Elliott, is enthralling, incredibly timely, engrossing. Thru 5/8, plays the weeks of 2/22, 3/5, 3/22, 4/5, 4/19, 5/3. Other weeks *Hedda Gabler* will be seen. Mats, Wed & Sat. Playhouse, 357 W 48, W of 8th Ave (541-9620).

**Alce in Wonderland**—Andre Gregory's adaptation of The Carroll classic made into a wild, hip stage piece with music (from Wagner to the Beatles). The Extension, 277 Park Ave South (524-5222).

**Alive and So Bold**—New play by Richard Joel Davis about a young breaking away from his family. Thru 2/20 only. Alce Theater, 137A West 14th St (242-3978).

**A Man's Man**—Bertolt Brecht's comedy with songs composed by Joseph Raposo, with Ann Boothby Ross and Dennis Duggan. Thru 2/20. Workshop of the Players' Art, 333 Bowery (228-0900).

**Bluebeard**—Presented by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, written and directed by Charles Ludlum. Wed thru Sat. Gotham Art Theater, 455 W 43rd (581-5011).

**By Ivan Klee**—Two new plays by the Czech dramatist: *The Swasthops* *Myriam and Kiera*, directed by Piri MacDonnell, 2/4-7, 2/11-14. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

**Cues and Cues**—David De Rosier's new comic melodrama, directed by David De Rosier, 2/4, 5, 6, 7. Playhouse, 94 St. Mark's Pl (SA 4-5109).

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**Communa**—Panoramic look at American history as seen through the eyes of commune dwellers in Death Valley. Some audience participation. Thru Sun. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (691-5434; 925-8712).

**CSC Repertory Theater**—This excellent group offers "Hemlock," "Moby Dick," and "Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," in rotating repertory. Phone for individual playing dates. Thru Fri, Sat. Mat., Sun. Theater, 89 W 3rd (one block South of Washington Sq Park) (477-5770 or 473-9117).

**Double Bill**—Arthur Sainer's *The Bitch of Waverly Place*, and Herold Pinter's *The Dumb Waiter*. Thru 2/19, Saturdays thru Mondays. Unit Theater, 157 W 22 (255-1790).

**Dracula**—A graduate production, directed by Arlene Spino. Admission free. 2/11, 12, 13, 14 at 8 p.m. New Workshop, Whitman Hall, Bklyn College, Bedford Ave & Ave H (For tickets call 780-5293).

**Earthlight**—Modern musical ritual consisting of quick sketches, pantomimes and tableaux accompanied by musical sounds created by Stan Herman. Garrick Theater, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270).

**Heloise**—James Forsyth's play dealing with Heloise and Abelard, directed by S. Darrell Calvin. An Equity Library Theater production, running through 2/14. Master Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

**In New England Winter**—Ed Bullins' new play, directed by Dick Williams and produced by the new Federal Theater. Thru 2/7, Henry St Playhouse, 486 Grand St. (OR 4-1414).

**Jacques Breil Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—Just beginning its fourth year; the present cast: Rita Gardner, Joe Massiel, Barbara Guterman and John C. Attie spell out Breil's incredibly emotional songs with appropriate passion and poise. Mat., Sat. & Sun. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-5020).

**Le Misanthrope**—A new production of Moliere's play presented by Le Centre Dramatique National du Sud-Est. 2/4, 5, 6, 7. Hunter College Playhouse, E 68th St. nr Lexington Ave (535-5350).

**Macbeth**—Rip Torn and Geraldine Page star in Dino DeFilippi's interpretation of Shakespeare's tragedy, staged in such a way that all action is seen through Macbeth's eyes. Mat., Sun. Mercer O'Casey Theatre, 240 Mercer St. (663-3937).

**Negro Ensemble Company**—"Rosa Lee Pritchett" by Carlton and Barbara Molette; "Perry's Mission" by Clarence Young III, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. Thru 2/24. St. Marks, 133 Second Ave. (OR 4-3530).

**Oh! Calcutta!**—The nude revue, with sketches by Samuel Beckett, Jules Feiffer, Dan Greenburg, John Lennon, Leonard Melli, Kenneth Tynan. Mat., Sun. Evening curtain's at 8:30, just to be a little more different. Eden, 189 Second Ave. nr 12th (982-9815).

**One-Act Plays**—Three by Anton Chekhov, directed by James Monroe. 2/5, 8, 7, 12, 13, 14. Repertory Theater of Senior Dramatic Workshop, ed. by donation, Carnegie Hall, 661 7th Ave & 56th (JU 8-4800 for reservation).

**Reguim for Yarin!**—Drama in Spanish, produced and directed by Dumé. Fri, Sat and Sun, thru 2/7. Dumé Grupo Estudio, 437 W 46th (basement) (785-3457 or 785-8580).

**Robespierre's Woman**—A comic tragedy by Eric Thompson, presented by the Production Workshop. Sun 2/4, 5, 8, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20. Actors Voyage East, 80 2nd Ave, betw 4th & 5th (475-9590).

**Snap**—A new play by David Hare, directed by Roger Hendricks Simon, with Margo Ann Berdohever, Roberta Maxwell, Kathryn Walker. 2/10-14, 17-21. Free! Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (877-6330).

**Snap Movie**—A musical force seizing ex-exploitation films, by David Newburg and Jacques Urbont. Gate Theatre, 2nd Ave at 10th St. (777-1890).

**The Dirtiest Show in Town**—Tom Eyrn's play offers a satirical solution to the problem of environmental pollution. Mat., Sun. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

**The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigold**—Paul Zindel's trenchant drama about a widow and her strange daughter, with Sada Thompson, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Mat., Sun. New Theater, 154 E 54th Pl. (2-0440).

**The Fantasticks**—Whimsical musical with a pleasant song, based on the Rostrand play. In its 211th year and the end is not in sight. Mat., Sun. Sullivan St Playhouse, at Bleecker (DR 4-8388).

**The Last Sweet Days of Isaac**—Effective little rock musical about love and commitment in the age of instant replay. The words, by Gretchen Cryer, make sense, and the music, by Nancy Ford, is solid. Austin Pendleton and Alice Playten (poached oysters) have the leads, nobly re-enforced by The Zeitgeist, a soft-spoken rock group. Mat., Sun. Eastside Playhouse, 334 E 74th (981-2286).

**The Sea Gull**—Anton Chekhov's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat and Sun thru 3/7. Adm. by contribution. Westside Actors Theater, 252 W 81st (874-9400).

**The Trial of the Catonsville Nine**—Opening production of the Phoenix Theater's 18th season is by Father Daniel Berrigan and is based on the draft records burning case in Maryland. Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W 66th (595-5510).

**The Whip Lady**—David Ziscover's new play, directed by Robert Saldenberg. Free. 2/6, 7, 13, 14. West Side YMCA, 5 W 83rd (787-4400).

**Touch**—Lively communal rock musical by Kenn Long and Amy Saltz. Village Arena, 62 E 4th St. (254-1190).

**Two One-Acters**—The Heist by Robert Reinhold, and *The Love-Death of Madame Babinsky* by John Wolfson, two one-act plays about strange goings-on in the Bronx and Morningside Heights, respectively. Directed by Viktor Allen. Thru 2/14, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays. Omni Theater Club, 145 W 18th (691-0899).

**Uncle Vanya**—Anton Chekhov's comic tour-de-force, the first major comment on the ecological crisis, directed by Gene Feist. Thru 2/28. Met. Sun. Roundabout Theater, 307 W 28th (WA 4-7161).

**Waiting for Godot**—Henderson Forsythe, Edward Winter, Anthony Holland, Paul B. Price and David Jay in a revival of the Samuel Beckett play, directed by Alan Schneider. Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave South (CH 2-3432).

**Wine in the Wilderness**—Alice Childress' play, directed by Roger Furmen, with the Grassroots Players. 2/5, 8, 7. New Heritage Repertory Theater, 43 E 125 St. nr Madison Ave (876-3272).

## After Dark

### NIGHTCLUBS

**Apartment**—1068 Second Ave. Piano men Charles DeForest and Bill Russell alternate their songs nightly. There's a Chinese chef on the premises with spareribs and things (PL 3-7923).

**Chateau**—Lidexin at 48th. Most sophisticated and elegant of the Latin spots. Now there's Jose Molina's Spanish Ballet and singer Luisa Maria. Dance music supplied by Candido's Orchestra. Chateau Disco for the discotheque crowd (PL 2-8080).

**Copacabana**—10 E 60 at Fifth. Food, dancing, local and visiting firemen, never a cover. Thru 2/17, singer O. C. Smith and comedian Mory Storm (PL 3-1060).

**Dangerfield's**—1118 First betw 61st & 62nd Sts. Comedian Rodney Dangerfield (he's great in *The Projectionists*) owns the joint and is on hand every night but Sunday. Atmosphere is intimate (couches instead of chairs) and there's a simple menu. Closed Sun (593-1650).

**Empira Room**—Waldorf-Astoria, Park betw 49th & 50th. Singer Della Reese is seen and heard thru 2/13. Continuous dancing between shows to the music of two orchestras (EL 5-3000).

**Hippodamus**—154 E 54 at Third (Oliver Coquelin's *Pleasure Palace* at 73rd bar, hostess, garden, dancing to records, dining, drinking (486-1568).

**La Bolita**—St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th & 55th. Lou Kovacs, pianist, performs, and there's French cuisine. Open Tues thru Sat (753-4500).

**The Chansonnette**—820 Second, betw 47th & 48th. A bit of Paris in N.Y., with dining, dancing and a show starring Rita Dimitri and Stanley Brilliant, save on Sunday (PL 3-7300).

**The Forth**—Hotel Pierre, 5th Ave at 81st. New supper club specializing in haute cuisine, and in the realm of music, Phil Wayne and his orchestra plays for dancing (838-8000).

**Le Maisonneuve**—St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th & 55th. There's a new emphasis here on Viennese cuisine, plus swinging dance music played by the Quinteto's Latinos and the Hal Turner Orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays (753-4500).

**Parlan Room**—Hotel Plaza, 5th & 59th. Thru 3/2. Leinie Kazan sings. Burt Ferber's Orchestra and Jack Monte and his Continentals take turns for the dancers (PL 9-3000).

**Rainbow Grill**—30 Rockefeller Plaza. Mind-bending views of the city and tapestries of Picasso's. Rem-namber Hildegarde? The incomparable Hildegarde? She's here thru 2/13 (757-9090).

**Rainbow Room**—30 Rockefeller Plaza. On the 55th floor, great ceilings, immense windows, glittering chandeliers and sterling views. More formal than the Grill (but the Grill has the talent). Continental cuisine and open every night (757-9090).

**St. Regis Room**—5th & 55th. Jason and Maryzahl, guitar-and-vocal duo. Continental buffet from 5:30 to 7:30 (753-4500).

**The Wine Cellar**—531 Hudson St. Split levels, wood and brick decor, specializes in fondues, casually dressed village types, trotting guitar (242-6769).

**Upstairs at the Downstairs**—37 W 56th St at 5th Ave. Comedian Joen Rivers and singer Tony Messine; Mon-Sat (JU 2-1244).

## JAZZ - ROCK

FOR JAZZ EVENTS IN THE NEW YORK AREA  
CALL 771-3244 ANYTIME

**Apollo**—253 W 125th. Vaudeville and other things uptown. The Jewel Box Revue, a specialized musical extravaganza by now an institution, is here now (749-1802).

**Bill's Gay Nineties**—57 E 54th St. Vaudeville, Dixieland and nostalgia (EL 5-0243).

**Bradley's**—70 University Pl. Guitarist Charlie Brown with pianist Tom McFall, and Bill Tekes on bass from 10 to 2 a.m. Before that, dinner and conversation (223-6440).

**Guitar**—Tenth at 51st. Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter. So there's great music, soul food and atmosphere. Wed thru Sun (265-9334).

**Halt-Note**—289 Hudson at Spring. Even if there were more good jazz rooms in town, this would have to be one of the best. Jimmy Rushing sings and the quartet plays. Closed Mondays (AL 5-9752).

**Jacques**—Bleecker at Sullivan. Here's the way it is: Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie Fri thru Sun; Eddie solos Mon, Wed and Thurs. Tues it's pianist Lance Heyward (254-5920).

**Jimmy Ryan's**—154 W 54 at 7th. Dixieland music by Roy Eldridge, Claude Hopkins, Joe Murenyi, Bobby Pratt and Oliver Jackson (CO 5-9505).

**Red Quarter**—15 W 4 St. The Southpinner, Dixie, Raging & Clambeck Society Jazz Band is here for Sunday matinees. There's still the benjo band performing nightly on the back of the fire engine (982-4270).

**Shugs**—242 E 3. Jazz and rock come closer together each night from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Thru 2/7. Lee Morgan; 2/9-14, McCoy Tyner. Closed Mondays (972-9727).

**The Bitter End**—147 Bleecker. Coffee house with new and old talent. Singer-composer Miles Davis and his Quintet are here. Tuesday nights for hoornmen-nies (GR 5-7804).

**The Cookery**—8th St & University Pl. Jazz great Mary Lou Williams, pianist, composer and arranger, accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass, is here indefinitely; the menu's fine and if you don't like hard drinks you can have an Ice-cream soda (OR 4-4450).

**The Needle's Eye**—7 Ninth Ave, 2 blocks So of W 14th. 2/4-7; 2/11-14, Roland Prince, Guitar duo (242-9297).

**Village Vanguard**—Seventh Ave. So. at 11th. Sunday quartets and quintets perform; 2/5-8, Thelma Jones and Mel Lewis with their band (CH 2-9355).

**West Boonock**—114 Tenth Ave, cor 17th. Mon, Tues, Wed, Net Jones on piano; Herman Wright on bass. Thurs-Sun, Lance Heyward on piano, and Carl Pruitt on bass. Soft atmosphere, sawdust floors, ember lights, "boss" soul food (929-9545).

**Your Father's Mustache**—7th Ave S at 10th. 77 bangles in an informal setting, and on Sunday afternoons, concerts by a jazz sextet known as Beibeen and Cats (OR 4-8030).

## PIANO ROOMS

**Blue Whale**—117 First, nr 81st. Pianist Wayne Sanders plays Tues thru Sat. Future Stars try out on Sun & Mon, 838-6501).

**Cafe Bar**—Sherry Netherlands, Fifth Ave & 59th St. Atmosphere, plus Robert Potvin at the piano from 5:30 to 12:30 Sat & Sun (EL 5-2800).

**Cala Carlie**—76th at Madison. One of the prettiest rooms in town, all Verté murels, and thru 2/28, there's the incomparable Mabel Mercer, accompanied by Jimmy Lyon (RH 4-1800).

**Drake Room**—71 E 58 at Madison. Smart, conservative, properly lit, luxurious, and Dick Henkinson's at the piano (HA 1-0900).

**French Quarter**—Hotel Americane, 7th Ave & 52nd. A brand new spot with turn-of-the-century atmosphere, flickering lights and Tiffany-style glass panels. Creole specialties, and Steve Stephenson vocally at the piano (LT 1-1000).

**Grandair**—953 First Ave. Veddyy veddy British atmosphere. Lynn Richards at the piano (753-2960).

**Inca**—399 W 12th. On the waterfront end under the West Side Highway this place serves fine food and features Jan Werner at the piano (242-9722).

**Italian Slak House**—74th St at 3rd Ave. North Italian cuisine in an attractive setting, with Bob Benton at the piano (535-3418).

**La Bibliothèque**—341 E 43. Low-beamed ceilings, white stucco walls, overlooks the fountain of the U.N. building and has Steve Ross at the keyboard. Open every day (689-5444).

**Little Table in the Corner**—237 Madison Ave. at 37th. Cigar club; every table in a corner of its own, which is not easy; dark and congenial and Bubba Johnson does the pianowork Tuesday thru Saturday (685-7160).

**Monkey Bar**—Elysee Hotel, 60 E 54. Pianist Johnny Andrews here during the cocktail hour, along with hot and cold hors d'oeuvre (PL 9-1068).

**Pink Poodis**—127 E 47 nr Lex. Trevis Washington plays (for the ninth year) and sings too (PL 3-7531).

**Proof of the Pudding**—84th at First. Famous for their funchoen and dinner seducers. Guitarist Mirko and pianist Arturo entertain in the Mirror-Mirror Room (421-5440).

**Rambrant Room**—Sianhopa Hotel, 5th at 81st St. Singer-pianist George Feyer is now on hand at dinner and supper (BU 8-5800).

**Tavern in the Town House**—108 E 38th. Scott Reed at the keyboard and the restaurant performs dancing. An intimate spot (LE 2-9727).

**The Revealed Slave**—79th St at Third. A cute, intimate place, the personification of our city's "new pub." The piano creates a nice mood (so does the food) (628-8814).

**The Troubadour**—1078 First Ave. Pianist Ronny Whyte has gone to work in Paris at the Prohibition Club. Until he returns Miss Trevis Hudson keeps the keys warm in this charming room (755-1955).

## DINING PLUS

**Blanchi & Margherita's**—186 W 4th St. A singing-along opera cete with resident talent and North Italian food. Not on Sunday (HA 1-8040).

**Cafe Renaissance**—338 E 49th. Guitarist Rogelio Requena on hand Mon thru Sat. An exquisite room with a rich atmosphere, and carefully prepared sustenance (PL 1-3160).

**Damenico's**—59th St & Park Ave. Gourmet items and a famous wine cellar prevail. Ernie Warren and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing. It's all gold and coral and crystal and sauces and fresh flowers (EL 5-2500).

**Dionysos**—304 E 48th nr Second. One of the prettiest restaurants in town. A split-level job with sparkling white decor, ruby-red accents, antique wovon rugs. Greek music and dancing; nectar and ambrosia (758-8240).

**Downbeat**—42nd and Lexington. Continuous dancing. The Joe Cabot Group featuring Cerrile Smith begins at 6 p.m. daily. Limited menu (889-5100).

**Edwardian Room**—Hotel Plaza, 5th Ave at 59th. A lovely spot with a breathtaking view of the park—and candlelit dinners with Senu Mercu and his white-stroiling about from 7 to 10:30 (PL 9-3000).

**King's Inn**—111 E 48th. Lavish Victorian decor, continental cuisine and the Lester Lanin duo plays at dinner (PL 5-5900).

**Le Champs**—24 E 40th nr Madison. A pleasant place, with lots of candles and strolling musicians. If you live in the metropolitan Manhattan area and call ahead, a limousine will pick you up for dinner and, later, take you to the theatre — for free. Closed on Sun (LE 2-8566).



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**Ponte's**—Desbrosses & West Sts. Feast on classic Italian cuisine and enormous lobsters at this rapidly expanding downtown spot. Leave your car and a man will drive you to the theatre after dinner. Strolling troubadour, of course (CA 6-4621).

**Rafiki's**—170 Avenue A at 11th St. East Village cabaret specializing in soul food provender as well as the more standard southern fare. The Cecil Young Trio performs Wed thru Sun (228-5810).

**Riverboat**—5th Ave at 34th. Huge, busy place with a limited menu, and dance bands and singers (LT 1-1000).

**Sacred Cow**—228 W 72nd Broadway. Steaks, seafood, a piano bar, friendly atmosphere, and girls who serve, dance and sing and also paint; you can see their art work on the walls (TR 4-9806).

**Top of the Gate**—Bleecker at Thompson. Restaurant and jazz lounge. The Ahmad Jamal trio is the current attraction (GR 5-5120).

### THINK ETHNIC

**Alameda Room**—118 W 57th. Authentic Spanish cuisine plus a Spanish festival with singer Rosita Peru (CO 5-0535).

**Cleopatra**—Bowie & 94th. Middle East cuisine with a famed chef (Attilio) from the land of the sphinx. Middle East and International music (749-9890).

**Daruma**—310 Third Ave. at 24th. Restaurant specializing in sushi, Suki-yaki and other Japanese goodies, with Miss Noriko playing Japanese favorites at the piano (228-3936).

**Du Midi**—251 W 51st betw B'way & 8th. Authentic French Provencal, meaning hearty and reasonable like in the old country (try the Tripé à la mode de Ceint). New York's French types gather on weekends for the Provencal folk singing (CO 5-9295).

**E Avram**—60 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. Israeli club with authentic Israeli food (which is the same as authentic Syrian food), and authentic Near East entertainment (243-9661).

**Hawaii Kai**—1638 B'way. Lua maldens, drinks served in pineapples and coconut shells, poi, fraas leas and everything (PL 7-0900).

**Jamaica Arms**—1315 Second Ave. at 69th. Strolling calypso singer, informal pub atmosphere, Jamaican food, island setting (472-0163).

**La Paella**—B'way at 136th (3 Hamilton Pl). Superior Spanish cuisine, service, decor—and late, late late. Flamenco singers and guitarists (600-1300).

**Port Said**—257 W 29. Bellydancers—Oriental, Israeli, Turkish and Arabian styles (CH 4-8322).

**Russian Trolka**—244 E 14th, nr 2nd Ave. It's the Two Guitars, with new owners, but the same authentic cuisine and folkloric entertainment (AL 4-3838).

### DISCOTHEQUES

**C'est Moi**—Corner of 64th and 2nd Ave. Rick's place it's not, but its rhythms and black-and-white decor suggest Casablanca closely enough for one to expect Paul Henreid to show up and sing the Marseillaise. For couples (935-1416).

**Chalet**—310 W 52nd, nr B'way. Enormous multi-level club with four rooms presenting soul and hard rock groups, and wild lighting effects. Tuesday is free for ladies (582-2970).

**Discoire**—168 E 48th nr Lex. It is hard to see how this could have made Bonaparte possible, but the selection of records is good, and continuous, from ten till dawn. Closed Sun & Mon (758-9570).

**Electric Circus**—23 St. Marks. Multi-media theatre, with dancing from 8 p.m. till 8 a.m. and breakfast thrown in! No liquor's allowed here, but who needs it. You get high on the light show. Closed Mon & Tues (777-7080).

**Hartow's**—795 betw 2nd & 3rd. Now specializes in the Rock 'n' Roll sounds of the 50s, live and on records (TR 8-7760).

**L'Intardi**—Hotel Gotham, 2 W 55 at Fifth. The longest running discotheque in New York, dark and dignified. Check-to-check dancing to forgettable platters. Food is secondary (CI 7-2200).

**Max's Kansas City**—213 Park Ave. So. at 77th St. At 11 p.m., when the dinner crowd has cleared out and the chickpeas are pul away, the records start, also live rock groups (777-7870).

**Nepenthe**—137 E 48th nr Lx. Sunken seats, moorish decor, rear projection murals of mod life—even a billiard table in the back section (688-3103).

**Shepherd's**—440 Park Ave. Like in Cairo as far as decor is concerned, but not the feeling. Thru 2/20, Cody Marshall and The Circle of Friends, but not on Sundays (HA 1-0900).

**Trude Hailer**—418 6th betw 8th St. Hysterie, mind-bending, swinging at this recently updated Village frugger. Take a tranquilizer (AL 4-5440).

**Tuesday**—B'way 190 Third, nr 17th. A place to gather, dance and eat in a turn-of-the-century mood. Upstairs, a cozy saloon (533-7900).

**Wheels**—1591 2nd, at 82nd St. Jem, jamming, jammed. A touch of Hair in the night, dancing to records, relaxing to beer (879-3777).

**Yellowfinger's**—3rd & 60th. An undersea grotto—all shades of blue—which can't bridge the generation gap, of course, but comes comediately close to flooding it. It's all done with mirrors (752-0980).

## Children

**Alice Iha Magnificent**—Park Ave. Christian Church, 1010 Park, at 85th. A musical for children of all ages. Sats at 1 & 3; Suns at 3, 2/6, 7. \$1.50 (BU 8-3246).

**Andrus Planetarium**—Trevor Park-on-Hudson, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. Thru 3/7, "Flight of Apollo 14," \$1 for adults, .50 for young 'uns (914 YO 3-4550).

**A Sea Voyage with Patar Pan**—Children's musical fantasy starring Roger Riddle. Sat and Sun at 2 p.m. \$2. Theater Seat, 211 E 60th (TE 8-0177).

**Bill Baird Theater**—59 Berrow St. "All Baba and the Forty Thieves," followed by "Holiday on Strings." Sat and Sun at 1 & 3:30 p.m., thru Feb. Prices from \$4.25 to \$2.75 (YU 9-7000).

**Children's Films**—Hudson Park, 10 Seventh Ave. South. Tuesdays at 4 p.m. Free.

**Children's Library**, Heckscher Oval, Lincoln Center. For ages 7 to 11, Elsie Leslie Exhibition of puppets, story theaters and other memorabilia of interest to children (TR 4-4010 for times and other information).

**Cinderella**—Provincetown. Children's Theater, 133 MacDougal St. A musical fantasy, Saturdays at 1 & 3. \$1.50 (228-0900).

**Dragon Marionettes**—13th St Theater, 50 W 13th St. 2/14 at 2 p.m. "Cinderella," classic fairy tale with incidental music. \$2 (WA 9-4336).

**El Matador**—427 W. 59th (N.Y. Theater of the Americas). Children's musical comedy, every Saturday at 3 p.m. \$1 for children, \$2 for adults (245-9656).

**Famous Playhouse**—601 Long Beach Road, Ocean-side, L.I. Free kiddie shows every Saturday at 1:30 p.m. (S16 RO 2-345).

**Flying-A** musical for children by the Surprise Troupe, Sats at 2 and Suns at 1 & 3 p.m. \$1.50. Surprise Theater, 1591 2nd Ave, betw 82 & 83 Sts (861-4943 or 734-9771).

**Funzappopin**—Bert Wheeler Theater, 250 W 43rd (S24-6344). Sets and Suns at 2 p.m. A magic show \$2 and \$1.50.

**Live Musicals**—Jen Hus Theater, 251 E 74th (S35-8151). Sats at 1, "Pinocchio," at 2:30. "Alice in Wonderland." Suns at 1, "Cinderella" and the Beanstalk," at 2:30. "Cinderella." \$2 and \$1.50.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—5th at 82nd St. The Junior Museum with its own exhibitions, galleries and reference library, studio, snack bar, open daily.

**Moody Puppet-E**—Mensch School Bldg. 116 E 19. Puppet show with audience participation, Sun, 2 p.m. \$1.50. Reservations only. A Moody kit to each child (677-6216 or GR 5-8671).

**Muse**—1530 Bedford Ave. at Lincoln Pl, Bklyn. Tue-Fri 10-10, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New headquarters of the Brooklyn Children's Museum containing live animals, sea and land programs, biological exhibits, facilities for art, music, dance, drama and creative expression workshop, discussions, jam sessions (774-2900).

**Plasma Touch**—Museum of the City of New York, 5th Ave at 103rd St. Reconstruction of a 17th century Dutch home, furnished with antique objects the children may eventually handle. Sats at 2 p.m. 50c (LE 4-1872).

**Prospect Park Zoo**—Flatbush Ave and Empira Blvd, Bklyn. Sees and lions and elephants and monkeys, a wombat, a moth-eaten hyene and loads of bears, all sizes and colors.



**Puppet Show**—Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., 103rd to 104th St. B. Gay Puppets in two folk tales and legends—"The Three Wishes" and "The Monkey and the Snake." Sat. 2/13, 1:30, \$1 (E 4-1672).

**Staten Island Museum**—75 Stuyvesant Place, Tues thru Sat 10-5 p.m. Sun 2-5 p.m. Natural History, Indian relics, a phallic club and nature walks to the nearby Wildlife Refuge. A good follow up to that ride on the Staten Island ferry (SA 7-1135).

**The Brave Little Tailor**—Playbox Studio, 94 St. Mark's Place (8th St off First Ave. Saturdays and Sundays 6-11 p.m. \$1.50, adults free with two or more children (LO 4-3250).

**The Emerald Slipper**—A fantasy strongly oriented toward children. Tues thru Fri at 7, Sat and Sun at 1 and 3-3 p.m. Gramercy Arts, 138 E 27th (OR 9-7650).

**The Hungry Giant**—Fusion Theater, 50 La Guardia Pl (n. Bleecker St). A musical fantasy by the Belly Button Players. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30 thru 2/8. \$1.50 (260-2540).

**The Magical Adventures of Skanderberg and Skialaw**—Terra Gallery, 39 Grove St. 1 and 3 p.m. every Saturday, \$1 (WA 4-4964).

**The Mask**—125 Fifth Ave. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 p.m. "The Magical Red Fan," and "A Very Special Clown." \$1.50 for kids, \$2 for adults (OR 3-0291 or 533-7190).

**Turnabouts**—Audience participation show for children. Saturdays, 2 to 3 p.m. ages 3 to 5; 3:30 to 4:30, ages 6 to 10. January. "About Whom? About Us." February. "Whither the Weather." Wear playclothes. \$1.50. St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 336 W 20th (NY 2-7360 or BE 3-3575).

## Concerts

### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

**New York Philharmonic**, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Seiji Ozawa; soloist: Garrick Ohlsson, pianist. Handel: Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 12; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1; Ravel: "Mother Goose" Suite.

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**, Tukey Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Charles Wadsworth; performers: Nicandro Zaccaro, harp; Michael Best, tenor; Charles Tregar and Ronald Tocco, violins; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, violoncello; Paula Robinson, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe. Mozart, Beethoven, Szymanowski, Debussy, Ravel.

**London Gabrieli Arts Ensemble and The Abbey Singers**, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 8:30. Monoverdi: medallions and enthralling music.

**Nardo Poy**, violinist, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74, 7:37-9:00, 8:30. Assisting artists: Leslie Seifin, pianist; Linda Stephenson, violin; Eugene Lowinger, violin; Samuel Kapher, viola; Richard Amoroso, cello. Bach, Langstroth, Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Telsmann.

**Concert Societas**, Studios 58, 150 W 58, 8:30. Performers: Emely Gallo, violin; Paul Gallo, clarinet; Larry Lemaster, cello; Judith Olson, pianist. Messiaen: Quartet for the End of Time. Social hour and refreshments follow the concert.

### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

**New York Philharmonic**, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Repeating Friday's program.

**Yvonne Marlowe**, harpsichordist, Carnegie Hall, 8:30. Assisting artists: Samuel Baron, Ilija; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Alexander Kougel, cello; Marvin Morgenstern, violin; Elvira Morgenstern, violin; Karen Tuttle, viola.

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**, Tukey Hall, 8:30. Repeating Friday's program.

**James Scott**, flutist, Town Hall, 5:30.

**Claudio Arrau**, pianist, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 8:30. Schumann: Sonata in F-sharp minor, Op. 11, Fantasy in C, Op. 17; Brahms: Variations on a theme of Paganini.

**Janet Baker**, mezzo-soprano, Hunter College Assembly Hall, 8:30.

**Dorin Woodwind Quintet**, Brooklyn College, Garshwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hilltop Pl, 8:30, 859-1118.

### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

**National Symphony Orchestra of Washington**, Philharmonic Hall, 3. Conductor: Antal Dorati; soloist:

Andre Watts, pianist. Ruggles, Dvorak, Rachmaninoff.

**Vladimir Ashkenazy**, pianist, Carnegie Hall, 8:30.

**Hoff-Serthelton Chamber Orchestra**, Tukey Hall, 8:30.

**Edward Brewer**, harpsichordist, Tukey Hall, 8:30.

**Kenneth Werner**, composer-performer, NYU Loeb Student Center, 3. Multi-media concert.

**Amedeo String Quartet**, New-York Historical Society, CPW at 77, 873-3400, 2:30 (free).

**Roman Markowicz**, pianist, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth at 103, LE 4-1672, 2 (free). Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin.

**St. George's Choir and Choral Society**, St. George's Episcopal Church, 207 E 16, GR 5-0630, 4. Brahms: vocal music; Bernstein: Chichester Psalms.

**Beth's Cantata 144**, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65, 877-6815, 5.

**Mendelssohn's "Elijah"**, St. Bartholomew's Church, Park at 51, 4.

### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

**New York Philharmonic**, Philharmonic Hall, 7:30. Repeating Friday's program.

**Cleveland Orchestra**, Carnegie Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Rafael Kubelick; soloist: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Hindemith, Mozart, Brahms.

**New Amsterdams Ensemble**, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8:30. Guest artists: Per Bragvig, trombone; Theodore Weis, trumpet. Mozart, Ravel, Stravinsky, Debussy, Beethoven.

**Music from Marlboro**, Tukey Hall, 8:30. Participants: Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; David Golub, piano; Miriam Fried and Felix Gellim, violins; John Graham, viola; James Kreger, cello. Haydn, Beethoven, Webern, Dvorak.

**"A Concord" but Grand 19th Century Program**, "Musenrock Music, Public Theater, Anspacher Auditorium, 425 Lafayette, 677-6350, 7:30. Adam, Hummel, Wuerst, Foster, Bottesini, Cherubini.

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

**New Jersey Symphony Orchestra**, Carnegie Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Henry Levine. Soloist: Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. Berlioz: scenes from "Fall of Troy"; Glazunov: Symphony No. 5 in B-flat.

**Robert Phillips and Franco Renuzzi**, duo pianists, Tukey Hall, 8:30. Schumann, Liszt, Debussy, Philip, Scriabin.

**Paul Austin**, soprano, Hunter College Playhouse, 8:40. Aaron Copland: songs.

**John Weaver**, organist, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65, 877-6815, 8:30.

**Trinity Church Choir**, Trinity Church, Bway at Weil, 12:45.

### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

**Joseph Fuchs**, violinist, Lillian Fuchs, violist, and Arthur Belsom, pianist, Tukey Hall, 8:30. Mozart, Prokofiev, Martinu, Strauss.

**Stravinsky Retrospective Concert**, Columbia University, McMillin Theater, Bway at 116, 8:30. Performers: Jean Hecks, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; John Graham, viola; Gail August, decar; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, pianists; Tokyo String Quartet; Choir of Central Presbyterian Church.

**Dorin Woodwind Quintet**, Hunter College Playhouse, 8:40.

**Mannes Orchestra**, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74, 7:37-9:00, 8:30. Conductors: Maria Regulus, Sung Kwak, Roger Nierenberg, Beethoven, Bariloz, Schumann, Brahms.

**Gile Duest-Lofan**, pianist, Wurilizer, 120 W 42, WI 7-8140, 8. Bach, Mozart, Shifrin, Debussy, Brahms, Chopin.

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 11


**New York Philharmonic**, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Seiji Ozawa; soloist: Leonardo Balcera, piano. Mozart: Divertimento, K 136; Ravel: Piano Concerto in G; Mahler: Symphony No. 1.

**Ely Helmutowitz**, pianist, Tukey Hall, 8:30.

**Gutter Recital**, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, 8:30. Participants: John Murtagh, Ramiro Vasquez, Herbert Levine, Leonard Hendler, Anton Doherty guitarists. Program includes the Vividit Concerto for Gutter and Chamber Orchestra.

**Larry King**, organist, Trinity Church, Bway at Weil, 12:45.


**Linus Ellis II**, organist, Grace Church, Bway at 10, 12:45 (free).



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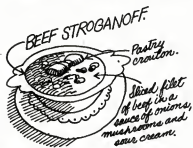
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

**Toahiko Akiyoshi Quartet**, Carnegie Hall, 8:30. Performers: Toahiko Akiyoshi, piano; Lew Tabackin, tenor sax and flute; Mickey Roker, drums; Bob Daugherty, bass. "Jazz, The Personal Dimension."

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5-6

**Steppenwolf**, Ten Wheel Drive, and **Luther Allison**, Fillmore East, 8 and 11:30.

**Aiya Neluja's "Essence of Blackness"** (11 piece ensemble), Cami Hall, 165 W. 57, JU 2-4090, 8:30. Music of Africa, Brazil, Caribbean, North America.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

**Great 1950's "N" Roll Revival**, Madison Square Garden, 2. **Jerry Lee Lewis**, Bill Haley and the Comets, Five Satins, Skyliners, Ruby and the Romantics, Angels, Freddie Cannon.

**Temptations**, Madison Square Garden, 8:30.

**Osborna Brothara**, bluegrass singers, McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23, 343-9575, 1:30, 4, and 8.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

**Beale Jones**, folk singer, District 85 Center, 140 E. 8, 8:15. Gospel songs, party games, ring shouts and hollers traditional to Saint Simon's Island and the other Georgia Sea Islands.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

**Joan Baez**, folk singer, Carnegie Hall, 7:15 and 9:30.

## Opera

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA  
LINCOLN CENTER

Fri, 2/5, 8-11, **Cav'n' Pag**; Cav with Cossotto, Cassel, Keft, Kony, Meredith; Pag with Strates, Gabriel, MacNeil, Cosse, Schmor, Conductor: Cleve; dir. director: Melano; designer: Zeffirelli.

Sat, 2/6, 1:30-5:15, **Carmen** with Belden, Amara, DePaul, Fort, Vickers, Merrill, Meredith. Conductor: Morel; director: Tenevian; designer: Dupont.

Sat, 2/6, 8-11:50, **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** with Rysnek, Ludwig, Delis, Clements, Ordessy, Godfrey, Nagy, Berry, Dooley, MacWherter, Harvut, Alvery, Franka. Conductor: Böhm; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn.

Mon, 2/8, 8-10:30, **Fidelle** with Hillabracht, Mathis, Vickers, Dooley, Macurduy, Plashka, Goska. Conductor: Böhm; director: Schenk; designer: Aronson.

Tue, 2/9, 8-11, **Cav'n' Pag**; Cav with Friday's cast; Pag with Friday's cast except Tucker as Carlo. Wed, 2/10, 8-11:40, **Carmen** with Saturday's cast. Thur, 2/11, 8-11:50, **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** with Saturday's cast except Borkh as The Dyer's Wife.

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5-7

**Light Opera of Manhattan**, "H.M.S. Pinafore," Fri, 2/5, 8:30; Sat, 2/6, 4 and 8:30; Sun, 2/7, 4.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

**The Opera Workshop**, P.S. 166, 132 W. 89, UN 4-9702, 7:30. "Le Favorita."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

**"Coal Fan Tulle,"** color film of Mozart's opera buffa with Janowitz, Ludwig, Miljkovic, Alna, Hermann, Pery, Berry; director: Václav Kaslik; Vienne Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm; Philharmonic Hall at 7.

**Ruffino Opera Association**, Elias Cohen Institute, 251 W. 100, 228-0900, 2:30. "Aida."

**The Opera Workshop**, P.S. 166, 132 W. 89, UN 4-9702, 2:30. "Tosca."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

**Ruffino Opera Association**, Provincetown Playhouse, 8. "Werther."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10-11

**Light Opera of Manhattan**, "The Mikado," Wed, 2/10, Thur, 2/11, 8:30.

## Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET  
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Fri, 2/5, 8-11, "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," "Sters and Stripes."

Sat, 2/6, 2:15, "Brehms-Schönberg Quartet," "Four Temperaments," "Western Symphony."

Sat, 2/6, 8-11, "Le Sonnambula," "Kodaly Dances," "Pas De Deux," "Slougher on Tenth Avenue."

Sun, 2/7, 1:15, "Liebeslieder Welzer," "Firebird."

Sun, 2/7, 7:15, "Prodigal Son," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," "La Valse."

Thur, 2/11, 8:15, "Don Quixote."

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY  
ANTA THEATER

Mon, 2/8, 7:30, "Lento," "Agathe's Tale," "Post Meridian."

Tue, 2/9, 8, "Foreign Exchange," "Big Bertha," "Public Domain."

Wed, 2/10, 8, "Churchyard," "See to Shining Sea," "Aureole."

Wed, 2/10, 2, "Foreign Exchange," "Big Bertha," "Public Domain."

Thur, 2/11, 8, "Lento," "Agathe's Tale," "Post Meridian."

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Fri, 2/5, 8, "Sun Music," "Esmeralda," "Raymonde," 799-2250. Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center Plaza, 799-4420. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza, 799-4420.

Sat, 2/6, 2, "Les Rendezvous," "Sun Music," "Raymonde."

Sat, 2/6, 8, "Les Rendezvous," "Sun Music," "Raymonde."

Sun, 2/7, 2, "Don Quixote."

Sun, 2/7, 8, "Don Quixote."

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**Amato Opera Theater**, 319 Bowery (at 2), 228-8200.

**ANTA Theater**, 245 W. 52, Cl 6-6270.

**Bel Canto Opera**, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, 30 E 31, 685-1377.

**Brooklyn Academy of Music**, 30 Lafayette Avenue, 785-8700.

**Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall**, Seventh Avenue and 57, Cl 7-7459.

**City Center**, 130 W. 56, Cl 6-8995.

**Fillmore East**, 105 Second Avenue (at 8), 777-5260.

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Avenue (at 86), EN 9-5110.

**Hunter College**, Playhouse, 68 between Park & Lexington; Assembly Hall, 69 between Park & Lexington, 535-5350.

**Light Opera of Manhattan**, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E 74, LE 5-6310.

**Lincoln Center**, Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway, 362-1911. Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue, 799-2250. Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center Plaza, 799-4420. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 7-4727. Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**, Fifth Avenue & 82, 879-5500.

**NYU Loeb Student Center**, La Guardia Plaza & Washington Square South, 590-2116.

**Queens College**, Colden Auditorium, LI Expressway and Kissene Blvd., 445-7859.

**Ruffino Opera Association**, Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal, 228-0900.

**Town Hall**, 113 W. 43, JU 2-4536.

Sat, 2/8, 8, "Choreographic Offering," "Erotica," "Nomos Alpha," La Sacra du Printemps."  
 Sun, 2/7, 2, "Les Vainqueurs," "Opus 5," "La Sacra du Printemps."  
 Sun, 2/7, 7:30, "Bhakti," "Bach Sonata," "La Sacra du Printemps."  
 Tue, 2/9, Wed, 2/10, Thur, 2/11, 8—Repertory: "Firebird," "Four Last Songs," "Romeo and Juliet, Pas de Deux," and an additional work.

#### OTHER EVENTS

#### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

**Madrasah Badoch and Company**, Cooper Union Forum, Great Hall, Fourth Ave and 8th, 8:15 (free).  
 "Tha Yamenita-Israeli in Music and Dance."  
**Loula Falco—Company of Featured Dancers**, ANTA Theater, 8, "Ceviar," "Huescepa," "Premier 1," "Premier 2."

#### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

**Elae Pomara Dance Company**, ANTA Theater, 8, "Narcissus Rising," "Movements," "Max, Burnt Ash," "Black on Black," "Climb, Las Dassen-amoredas."  
**Kalidasa's "Shakuntala,"** — Indian Dance-Drama, Columbie University, Wollman Auditorium, Boway at 115, 752-4586, 7:30.  
**Erick Hawkins and Dance Company**, Queens College, 8:30.

#### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

"Around the World in 90 Minutes," New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, 581-2311, 8:30.  
 Music and dance by performers from 12 nations.  
**Rod Rodgers Dance Company**, NYU School of Education Auditorium, 35 W 4th, 8:30. Afro-American thematic dance.

### Art

#### OPENING SOLOS

**Richard Anuszkiewicz**—Janis, 8 W 57, 489-9880.  
 Familiar optical paintings done with a new interpretation of color, 2/10-3/6.  
**William Baziotes**—Marlborough, 41 E 57, PL 2-5353.  
 Abstract biomorphic shapes, 2/11-3/6.  
**Dan Christensen**—Emmerich, 41 E 57, PL 2-0124.  
 Enamel and acrylic paintings, 2/6-2/25.  
**Rubana Garchman**—Misrechi, 789 Madison, 881-9010.  
 Manipulative constructions with letters, in stainless steel, wood and earth, water and plastic, 2/9-3/6.  
**Bud Hopkins**—Polindexter, 24 E 84, 628-2844.  
 Collages, 2/6-3/4.  
**Valdis Kupris**—Community, 28 E 35, MU 3-4988.  
 "Mother and Child"; oils and graphics, 2/9-2/28.  
**Willard Midgett**—Frumkin, 41 E 57, PL 3-3180.  
 "The Loft"; a construction, an enormous realistic painting and an environment occupying an entire room, 2/6-3/6.  
**George Bentley Nick**—Hundred Acres, 456 W Boway, 533-2250.  
 Intimate realist paintings with romantic overtones, 2/6-2/27.  
**Murray Ratch-Hutchinson**, 127 Graena, 254-4430.  
 Symmetrical color abstractions, 2/9-3/3.  
**Robert Ryman**—Dwan, 29 W 57, PL 6-4970.  
 New paintings, 2/6-3/4.  
**Tish Silber**—Gallary A, 392 Bleecker, 255-9175.  
 Sensuous, fluid sculpture, 2/7-2/20.  
**Edward John Stevens**—Weyhe, 794 Lexington, TE 8-5478.  
 Paintings of the East, 2/6-2/27.  
**John Tweedie**—Whitney, 53 E 19, 475-0460.  
 Paintings, 2/8-3/2.  
**Richard Wagner**—Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt, TM 7-3344.  
 Impressionistic landscapes, 2/9-2/20.

#### CONTINUING SOLOS

**Fritze Abadi**—Phoenix, 939 Madison, RH 4-5166.  
 Collages and assembled boxes, thru 2/15.  
**Murray Alcosser**—Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W 58, 757-0915.  
 Photographs of wildflowers taken at Point Lobos, Calif., thru 2/16.  
**Otmar Alt**—Gimpel-Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Madison, 628-1897.  
 Bronze sculpture and paintings of whimsical imaginary forms, thru 2/13.  
**Steve Antonakes**—Fishbach, 29 W 57, PL 9-2345.  
 Air-brush drawings, thru 2/18.  
**Billy Apple**—Apple, 161 W 23, YU 9-7734.  
 Neon transformations revealing immediate process systems in progress, thru 2/14.

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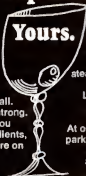
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John Barron-Penoras, 62 W 58, PL 7-2117. Paintings of Brittany, thru 2/8.

Joe Battle-Butterfly 8, 341 E 76, BU 8-7718. A sculptural study of the womanly form in styrofoam, bronze, pawner and aluminum, thru 2/20.

Herbert Bayer-Meriborough, 41 E 57, PL 2-5353. Paintings and sculpture by a Bauhaus artist, thru 2/6.

Chandler Bigelow-Wickham, 959 Madison, YU 8-2265. Land and seascapes, thru 2/13.

Stanley Bozer-De Nagy, 29 W 57, 421-3780. Collage paintings, thru 2/18.

Maurice Breslow-Sierre Club, 250 W 57, 265-2815. Color photographs from the Ansel Adams workshop, thru 2/13.

William Copley-Iolais, 15 E 55, PL 5-6914. Recent paintings, thru 2/13.

William Crovelli-Secha, 29 W 57, 421-8686. Abstract paintings and sculpture, thru 2/13.

Ron Davis-Ceselli, 4 E 77, 288-4820. Hard-edge paintings, thru 2/6.

Elia Briggs-Le Bortie, 1042 Madison, 535-4865. Paintings, watercolors and collage by the Precisionist artist, thru 2/20.

Stephen Etner-Midtown, 11 E 75, PL 8-1900. Recent paintings including Maine and Nassau subjects, thru 2/13.

Walker Evans-Schoelkopf, 825 Madison, TR 9-4639. "Documentary Esthetic" by the Master photographer, thru 2/25.

Charles Fahlen-Faigan, 141 Graana, 228-8310. "Trophies, Exampias and A Plastic Animal Collection": wall hangings made of felt, resin and leather; and, graphics, thru 2/24.

Richard Fletcher-Dinterates, 18 E 67, RH 4-1580. Small bronze sculpture, thru 2/13.

Johnny Friedlander-Far, 746 Madison, RE 4-7287. Abstract paintings and graphics, thru 2/6.

Robert Graham-Sonnabend, 924 Madison, 628-2021. Figurative sculpture and prints, thru 2/11.

Carol Grant-Carevan House, 132 E 65, RH 4-4793. Watercolor, mainly of old New York houses, thru 2/13.

Florence Graziano-Chese, 31 E 64, LE 5-3991. Landscapes, still-lives, and figures, thru 2/6.

Shirlee Greenberg-Alonzo, 26 E 63, 688-2036. Paintings involving visual illusionism, thru 2/13.

Donald Greenhaus-Focus, 163 W 74, 874-9574. Photographs, thru 2/28.

Hans Hartung-Lefebvre, 47 E 77, RH 4-3384. Recent paintings by the European Abstractionist, thru 2/6.

David Hayes-Willard, 29 E 72, RH 4-2925. Sculpture, ceramic objects, rugs and tapestries, paintings and drawings, thru 2/6.

Keith Hollingsworth-Paule Cooper, 100 Prince, 925-1627. Sculpture, thru 2/11.

Walter Itcher-Gothie House, 1014 Fifth (at 82nd), 744-8310. Metal, stone and wood sculpture, and woodcuts, thru 2/14.

Wolf Kahn-Borgenicht, 1018 Madison, LE 5-8040. Moody landscapes in pastels and oils by a second generation New York School painter, thru 2/25.

Morris Kantor-Zabriske, 699 Madison, 832-9034. Abstract drawings, thru 2/13.

Kaethe Kollwitz-Galerist St. Etianna, 24 W 57, CI 5-6734. Early and late self-portraits and scenes of survivors and people in revolt by the famous artist, thru 3/13.

Irene Krugman-Spectrum, 464 W Bway, 533-3427. Electric sculpture, thru 2/11.

Alfred Kubin-Zabarsky, 987 Madison, 628-6281. Drawings and watercolors by the Austrian artist, thru 2/28.

Nina Lucy-Brooklyn Collegia Student Center, N Campus Rd and 27th Ave. Sculpture in wood, stone, plastic and metal, thru 2/28.

Cyril A. Lewis-Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt, TN 7-334. Watercolor of Long Island scenes, thru 2/8.

Philip Littell-Kottler, 3 E 65, RE 4-3491. Mixed-media paintings, thru 2/8.

Maurice Lohrand-Galerie Jean Tiroche, 818 Madison, 628-0430. Paintings by the French Primitive artist, thru 2/6.

Bruno Lucschel-Forum, 1018 Madison, LE 5-6080. Terre cotte sculpture, thru 2/5.

Clyde Lynde-Babcock, 805 Madison, LE 5-9355. Illuminated constructions, thru 2/26.

Elizabeth MacDonald-Greenwich House Pottery School, 16 Jones, 242-4140. Porcelain bottles, stoneware planters, lamps, plates and mirrors, thru 2/16.

Julia Malfold-House of Living Judaism, 838 Fifth 249-0100. Paintings, drawings and graphics, thru 2/28.

Arnaldo Miccoli-Carevan House, 132 E 65, RH 4-4793. Paintings of earthy, rounded figures close to their native Italian soil, thru 2/13.

G. E. Moore-O.K. Harris, 465 W Bway, 777-8868. Sculpture, thru 2/8.

Steve Morand-Pierantonio, 26 E 84, 535-3990. Paintings of the Wallkill River Valley, thru 2/14.

Adão Pinheiro-Le Maison Francaise, 16 Washington Mews, 598-2161. Drawings and ceramics, thru 2/16.

Milan Popovic-Bodley, 787 Madison, AQ 9-2155. Wood sculpture, mainly of animals, thru 2/13.

Edval Ramon-Botiga d'Arte Ticiens, 248 E 51, 456-9245. Geometric drawings and prints, thru 2/6.

Seymour Remenick-Peridot, 820 Madison, RH 4-8560. Paintings of figures in interiors, of a romantic cast, thru 2/16.

Robert Rohr-Kornblase, 58 E 79, 861-4245. Intense, richly patterned small paintings, thru 2/18.

Rolandado-Avanti, 145 E 72, 628-6716. New paintings, thru 2/13.

Gloria Ross-Feigen, 27 E 79, 628-0700. Tapestry, thru 2/10.

Robert Ryman-Fischbach, 29 W 57, PL 9-2345. Paintings: enamel on cotton, thru 2/18.

Bevlyn Simson-Bodley, 787 Madison, AQ 9-2155. Shaped canvases, hard-edge paintings, thru 2/14.

Theodore Singer-Merks, 19 E 71, UN 1-3400. Horizontal stripes: acrylic on canvas, thru 2/24.

Frank Sharpe-Clinous, 425 Lafayette, 533-9380. Lithographs and paintings, thru 2/13.

Charles Shaw-Scheffer, 41 E 57, PL 5-3330. Geometric paintings, thru 2/13.

Joseph Solman-A.C.A., 25 E 73, 628-2440. Portraits of denizens of New York's East Village, thru 2/13.

W. Eugene Smith-Witkin, 237 E 80, 355-1461. Photographic prints by the well-known photographer, thru 3/7.

Pat Steier-Graham, 1014 Madison, 535-5787. Paintings, thru 2/18.

Thomas Suomalainen-Greenwich House Pottery School, 16 Jones, 242-4140. Ceramics and drawings, thru 2/20.

Francisco Toledo-Misrahi, 789 Madison, 861-9010. Paintings, watercolors, drawings, graphics, tapestries and sculpture by the young Mexican artist, thru 2/6.

Julius Tobias-Hutchinson, 127 Graana, 254-4430. And at the artist's studio, 9 Great Jones, YU 2-1785 (by appt.). "Tethata" an immense piece of sculpture will be shown at the artist's studio and works involving concrete will be shown at the gallery, both thru 2/8.

James Valkea-Graham, 1014 Madison, LE 5-5787. Shell constructions, thru 2/13.

David Vander-L'Atelier 81, 354 E 81, 249-5077. Figurative paintings, done in varying shades of gray and white, thru 2/9.

Vo-Dinh-Feiden, 51 E 10, CI 5-5587. Acrylics, oils and woodcuts, thru 2/28.

Max Waldman-Spencer Memorial Church, Ramsen at Borough Hall, Bklyn, MA 5-3512. Photographs, thru 2/17.

Jane Wasley-Kreushaar, 1055 Madison, LE 5-9888. Wood and stone sculpture, thru 2/8.

Don Werner-84 Gramercy, 255 Third, 874-9772. Landscapes, thru 2/17.

### OPENING GROUP SHOWS

AEA-1780 Bway, 586-0554. Painting, sculpture and graphics by members of the Artists Equity Association, 2/8-2/26.

American Institute of Graphic Arts-1059 Third, PL 2-0813, 50 Ads and 50 Television Commercials of 1970, chosen for their graphic excellence, 2/10-2/28.

### CONTINUING GROUP SHOWS

A.A.A.-563 Fifth, PL 5-4211. Graphics by young Garmen artists: Bernard Jager, Arnold Laisler, Wolfgang Oppermann, Rainer Schwarz, and Jan Voss, thru 2/13.

African Tribal Arts-84 E 10, 982-4558. West African chieftain and ceremonial staves, thru 2/13.

Avanti-145 E 72, 628-8718. Geometric paintings by Richard Schiff and Michael C. Pevo, thru 2/13.



**Center for Inter-American Relations**—680 Park, 249-8950. Maya Hieroglyphic inscriptions, thru 3/28.

**Connection**—3 Great Jones, 477-1392. Philip T. Borden and Joan Healt; box art; Benton Benez; painted rocks; Ken Nisont; charcoal and wash drawings; Nancy Azara: wood sculpture, thru 2/28.

**Paula Cooper**—100 Prince, 925-1827. Drawings by Artschwager, Lewitt, Ruda, Dia, Marden, and others, thru 1/31. Paintings by Kess Zepkus, Edwin Ruda, and David Dia, thru 2/11.

**Dansenberg**—1000 Madison, 249-7050. "Masterpieces of American Art of the 19th and 20th Century," thru 2/28.

**Doraky**—111 Fourth, 473-0887. Judler Gerber: shaped plastic paintings; Stella Waltz: polyester forms; Marie Mastronardo: bas reliefs; Anne Schienger: figurative paintings; Frank Hart: polystyrene and still sculpture; Harold Berelson: painted wood sculpture; Charles Fuhrman: paintings, thru 2/5.

**Duane Street**—116 Duane. Gallery Opening: 10 young painters and sculptors, thru 2/13.

**Feln/Art**—29 Washington Sq W, 477-4094. (by appt.). Selected graphics and drawings by Milton Avery, Raphael Soyer, Neil Blaine, Robert Kipnass, and Karl Schrag, thru 2/8.

**58 Mercer**—55 Mercer St., 225-4222. Janet Flah: paintings of fruit and vegetables in super-market packages and jars; Diane Karol: a flock of sewn and painted birds with human faces, both thru 2/5.

**French**—980 Madison, 535-3330. Paintings by Ron Klemann, Victor Kord, Frank Owen, David Parrish, Al Pounders, Mel Ramos, Ben Schonzeit, Daniel Lang, and Terence La Noue, thru 2/11.

**Gallery of Israeli Art**—4 E 54, 751-2700. Graphics and small sculpture, thru 2/15.

**Gregoire**—1048 Madison, 988-1441. "Recent Acquisitions: French Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries," thru 3/16.

**Greenfield**—336 E 71, 988-8931. West African sculpture, thru 2/28.

**Heion Goe**—253 W 11, 929-6657. (by appt. only). Drawings by Basuchamp, Brandt, Guston, Soyer, Smith, thru 2/26.

**Golden Lion**—1310 Madison, 831-4737. "Contemporary graphics": Cocteau, Calder, Jansem, Buffet, and others, thru 2/28.

**Kennedy**—20 E 58, 758-3850. 21 artists portray the spirit of the Olympic Games in lithographs, serigraphs and posters, thru 2/13.

**Kodak Gallery**—1138 Sixth, 282-8170. Winning and other selected photos from the Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Award Contest, thru 2/28.

**Kotler**—8 E 85, RE 4-3491. Paintings by Carol Caplan, Jelena Clivric-Rickie, and Jim Tomberg, thru 2/8.

**Mann**—1228 Third, 737-1195. Signed graphics by Picasso, Moore, Raphael Soyer, Chagall, Hundertwasser, Vasarely, Marino, Dali, and others, thru 2/13.

**National Academy of Design**—1083 Fifth, EN 9-4880. 350 original paintings, sculpture and graphics by the Audubon Artists, thru 2/7.

**Nelkrug**—224 E 68, BU 8-7741. Dye transfer photos by Dr. Roman Vishniac and Douglas Faulkner, thru 2/28.

**Pearson**—24 W 57, GI 7-7480. Henry Pearson: abstract paintings in vivid colors with lines similar to contour maps; Nuclea (Elsa de Brun): paintings and stained glass, thru 2/20.

**Sorel**—840 West End, 873-4417 (by appt. only). Paintings by Gilbert Stone, Vin Gluliani, and Roger Hane, thru 3/1.

**Suzuki**—797 Madison, 249-5244. Prints by the Chinese Liao and Pennucci, an American, thru 2/28.

**Watcott-Fields**—14 Fifth, GR 7-2312. Oils, drawings, graphics, thru 2/28.

**Waverly**—103 Waverly Pl, GR 7-8710. Paintings by Susan Blumenthal and Walter Kendra; sculpture by Tom Kendal, thru 2/7.

**Zabzkie**—699 Madison, 832-9034. Drawings by Morris Kantor, Katherine Schmidt, and Louis Lozowick, thru 2/27.

## Museums

**American Academy of Arts and Letters**—Audubon Terr., 155th-156th at Bdway, AU 8-1480.

**American Museum of Natural History**—CPW at 79th, 873-1300 Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun & Hols 1-5. "Can Man Survive?" centennial exhibition, thru May 1971;

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**Aale House**—112 E 64, PL 1-4210. Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 1-5. Byobu: Japanese screens from New York collections, thru 3/14.

**Brander Mathews Dramatic Museum**—112 Low Library, Columbia University, 260-3767. Media of theaters and sets, playbills, theatrical designs and photographs, masks, puppets, and related materiel.

**Brooklyn Museum**—Eastern Parkway, NE 6-5000. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun & Hol 1-5. "Van Gogh: Sources of Inspiration": 100 prints, lithographs and wood engravings from Van Gogh's personal collection, thru 4/4.

**China House Gallery**—125 E 65, 744-8181. Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5.

**Cloisters**—Fl. Tryon Park, 923-3700. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

**Finch College Museum of Art**—62-64 E 78, BU 8-6550. "The Complete Graphic Work of Alberto Giacometti," thru 3/7.

**Frick Collection**—1 E 70, 288-0700. Tue-Sat 10-6, Sun & Hol 1-8.

**Gallery of Erotic Art**—1240 Park, 369-4701. Tue-Sat 10-5 (by appt only).

**Gallery of Israeli Art**—4 E 54, PL 1-2700.

**Goethe House**—1014 Fifth, 744-8310. Mon, Fri, Sat 9:30-5; Tue, Wed, Thur 1-8:30.

**Guggenheim Museum**—1071 Fifth, EN 9-5110. Wed Sat 10-6, Tue til 9, Sun 12-8. Wojciech Janiec: paintings, thru 2/7.

**Hispanic Society of America**—Bowdy at 155th, 928-2234. Tue-Sat 10-4:30, Sun 2-5. El Greco, Velazquez, Goya, Sorolla, Spanish sculpture, furniture, textiles, metalwork, etc. "The Generation of '98": portraits and manuscripts of and by Spanish writers, thru 5/71.

**Jewish Museum**—1109 Fifth, RI 9-3770. Mon-Thur 12-5, Fri 11-3, Sun 11-6.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—Fifth and 62nd, 736-2211. Mon-Sat 10-5, Tue til 10, Sun & Hol 1-5. "Drawings from New York Collections. III. The Eighteenth Century in Italy": 300 drawings by 54 artists, including Giovanni and Domenico Tiepolo, Guardi, and Piranesi, thru 3/21. "Origin and Influence: cultural connections between Egypt, the Ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome"—300 works of art including glass, jewelry, ivory carvings, and weapons, thru 4/23. Joseph Cornell: collages, thru 2/26. "Fêtes, Fireworks, and Other Festivities," over 100 prints, books, drawings, paintings and models illustrating galle events from Renaissance coronations to the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, thru 2/14. "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," thru 5/15.

**Muse**—1530 Bedford Ave, Bklyn, 774-2990.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—49 W 53, LT 1-2474. Tue-Sun 10:30-6:30. "Cervino for Commerce": ship figureheads, cigar store Indians, etc., thru 2/20.

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**—29 W 53, CI 8-8840. Mon-Wed 11-6, Thur, Fri 11-9, Sat 11-5, Sun 1-6. "Coffee, Tea and Other Cups" (Little Gallery). Woven Wets by Olga de Amaral (Second floor gallery).

**Museum of Modern Art**—11 W 53, 956-7070. Mon 1-8, Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat 1-8, Thur 11-9, Sun 12-6. Paintings by Rodchenko, thru 4/11. Walker Evans: retrospective of the pioneer explorer of documentary aesthetic photography, thru 4/11. "Four Americans in Paris: The Collections of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," thru 3/7. Berenice Abbott: photographs, thru 2/28. "Lasser Johns as Printmaker," 3/21. 6 paintings by Paul Burlin, thru 2/8.

**Museum of Primitive Art**—15 W 54, CI 6-9493. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat 12-5, Sun, 1-5. "With a Little Help from Our Friends": gifts to the collection, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments in gold and jade, Eskimo and American Indian artifacts, thru 4/30.

**Museum of the American Indian**—Bowdy at 155th, AU 3-2420. Tue-Sun 1-5. New exhibition hall: "Archaeology of North America."

**Museum of the City of New York**—Fifth at 103rd, LE 1-672. "How Green was My City": 19th century paintings, watercolors and lithographs showing New York as it looked 100 years ago, together

with matching photographs of the same sites as they appear today, thru 4/30.

**Museum of the Middle-1 Union Sq. W. (14th St entrance), 243-1006.**

**Museum of the Performing Arts**—Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam, 799-2200. Mon-Fri 10-9, and Sat 10-6. Homage to Beethoven: paintings by John Wenger, thru 3/31. Ben Swolow: Portraits of the Theatrical Period 1890-1940, charcoal, thru 2/28.

**New York Cultural Center**—2 Columbus Circle, 581-2311, Tue-Sun 11-8. "The Epoch of L'Estampe Originale": Graphics by artists of the late 19th century including Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Pisarro, Bonnard, etc., thru 2/14. "Laurens and Braque": sculpture and works on paper by Henri Laurens, and paintings and sculpture by Georges Braque, thru 3/21.

**New York Historical Society**—170 CPW at 77th, 873-3400. Sun-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5. Pictures, documents and memorabilia tracing the history of New York through the Revolution and Federal periods.

**New York Public Library**—Fifth at 42, 780-6556. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Manuscripts and letters of major American, English and Irish writers including Sean O'Casey, T. S. Eliot, John Meesefield, Ezra Pound, and others, thru 7/31. "The Artist at Work": print exhibition, thru 3/31.

**Nicholas Roerich Museum**—319 W 107, UN 4-7752. Mon-Fri 2-3. Nicholas Roerich: paintings of historic monuments of ancient Russia, thru 2/28.

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—33 E 36, MU 5-0008. Mon-Sat 9:30-5.

**Riverside Museum**—310 Riverside Drive, UN 4-1700. Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 2-5. Tibetan paintings and art objects. Contemporary American art and photography.

**South Street Seaport Museum**—16 Fulton, 349-4310. Everyday 9-6. The Caviar, an 1691 Gloucester fishing schooner; the Ambrose, which marked the channel into New York harbor from 1908 to 1932; and the Waverline, built in Southampton in 1885—all at Pier 18 (foot of Fulton) and open to the public.

**Studio Museum**—2033 Fifth, 427-5959. Mon & Wed 10-3, Thur & Fri 10-6, Sat 1-6.

**Theodor Herzl Institute**—515 Park, PL 2-0600.

**Whitney Museum**—945 Madison, 249-4100. Daily 11-6, Tue 11-10, Sun 12-6. Jack Tworkov: paintings, 2/5-3/14. Contemporary American Sculpture: survey of works created during the past 2 years, thru 2/7.

## Sports

**Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Avenue, 31st to 33rd Streets, 564-4400.**

### BASKETBALL

Sat, 2/6, **Knicks** vs. Chicago at 8.  
Tue, 2/9, **Knicks** vs. Atlanta at 7:30.  
Thur, 2/11, **College Basketball**—NYU vs. Georgetown at 7; Rutgers vs. West Virginia at 9.

### HOCKEY

Wed, 2/10, **Rangers** vs. Minnesota at 7:35.

### OTHER EVENTS

Fri, 2/5, **Knights of Columbus Track Meet** at 7:15.  
Sat, 2/6, **Tennis Champions Classic** at 1.  
Mon, 2/8, **Wrestling** at 8:30.

## Miscellaneous

**Auctions**—Coins, 2/5 at 2; Furniture and Decorations, 2/6 at 2; Silver, 2/9 at 2; **Modern Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture**: including works by Picasso, Roualt, Zorach, Graves, Lote, Marin, Saura, Jean and Raoul Dufy, 2/11 at 2. All at Perle-Barnet, 960 Madison, TE 9-8300.

**Art Showings**—Cecilia Cae showing features over 450 cats and kittens of every breed; many for sale, New Yorker Hotel, Eighth Ave at 34th, Sat, 2/6 and Sun, 2/7, 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

**"Fun on Wheels"**—Dune buggy exhibit; buggies, movies and slides, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Center, 717 11th (at 59th), PL 9-360, thru 3/31.

**The Mill**—145 Sixth, 333-3622. Tue-Sat, 10-7. Burlington Industries' textile mill; watch it dye, finish, throw, twill, weave and spin.

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Issue one of the Grand Diplôme Cooking Course will be available March 2. Be sure to pick it up at your supermarket. Or wherever you buy magazines.

And when everybody starts asking you where you learned to cook that well, tell them you have a friend abroad.

A friend who's been sending you a few special secrets.



## America's first weekly cooking magazine goes on sale March 2.

# Doctor Feelgood, Are You Sure It's All Right?

By Susan Wood

"... With injections in veins or buttocks, his patients swear, Dr. Feelgood can cure everything: the common cold, pimples, hepatitis, impotence. He's the Dr. Schweitzer of the urban jungle . . ."

The first Dr. Feelgoods practiced in Europe in the 1930s and left their imprint in the annals of dubious medical practice by injecting amphetamines into the veins of the leaders of the Third Reich. Their disciples have since spread throughout the world.

Nobody can say exactly how many Dr. Feelgoods now practice in New York City. Fashionable people—that is, those who get their names in the papers from time to time—seem to go to just four or five of them, including one who is said by his admiring patients to have attended President Kennedy and some of the nation's best-known politicians, businessmen and entertainers.

Regardless of which Dr. Feelgood has the most prominence at the moment—fashions change—each patient, aglow with the incredible zap of his latest shot, is sure his doctor alone is the real Dr. Feelgood. But each Dr. Feelgood has at least two things in common with the next—a persuasive personality and a lucrative practice.

Their offices tend to be located conveniently close to where the bulk of their patients live—near, if not on, Park and Fifth Avenues from the Fifties to the Nineties. One Dr. Feelgood, not unlike Elizabeth Arden and Saks, ran a summer branch in the Hamptons for a while. Another currently in vogue also fixes teeth.

With injections in veins or buttocks, Dr. Feelgood can cure everything: the common cold, pimples, infectious hepatitis, impotence, alcoholism, heroin addiction . . . his followers swear. They firmly believe their doctor can delay aging. One Dr. Feelgood claims dramatic results in cases of arthritis and multiple sclerosis.

Unfortunately, Dr. Feelgood doesn't publish the kind of research papers that enable scientists to verify his work. Ordinary doctors and scientists working to find cures on grants from, say, the

Multiple Sclerosis Foundation or the Arthritis Foundation are not impressed with Dr. Feelgood's approach and continue their research along other lines.

The majority of his practice flock to him not for the sake of research but to find relief from what one observer calls "environmental and executive diseases." The symptoms range from low-grade malaise to intense anxiety. The patient goes to him in response to an inner call. Some go daily. Most go three times a week. Appointments are not necessary; the patient need only show up during office hours, which tend to be long. One Dr. Feelgood has a 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. session for the early birds. Another, who caters to a show-biz crowd, has been known to be in his office after midnight.

His patients are for the most part intelligent, educated, talented, affluent achievers. But their very intelligence and income seem to deny them the protection less fortunate souls get from our medical watchdogs. Many public health officials think Dr. Feelgood's practice is questionable, even dangerous, but they don't appear to regard it as an urgent problem. As one public health doctor put it: "It only affects a small segment of our population—the very rich. We can only do so much. Our priorities start with protecting those who don't know better, like slum kids eating paint peelings."

But Dr. Feelgood's patients regard him as an altruist . . . a Dr. Schweitzer of the urban jungle.

I began to look into the Dr. Feelgood phenomenon several years ago because I thought he and his patients added up to a good story about a special New York scene. To get into that scene I would become a patient—for a few visits anyway. I realized that this would involve letting a doctor and chemicals play with my psyche and my

health. A few years earlier I might have regarded this as a violation. A few years later I would surely regard it as a risk. But at the time, I had no special concern about making myself a guinea pig. I saw taking Dr. Feelgood's shots as not only essential to the story but as a chance to get a better notion of the drug generation, an opportunity at last, laggard that I was, to have a drug experience safely—with a doctor in charge. Also, I had a lot of time to try new things; my marriage had just come apart.

*New York Magazine* underwrote the expense of several visits to three practitioners I had heard about through friends and gossip. Not long after I began the story, arrangements were made with the then brand-new narcotics laboratory of the New York County Medical Examiner's office to run tests on me after I received the shots.

My first encounter was with a doctor whom I shall call Doctor A. I was taken by a friend, a regular patient, who assured me that Doctor A's shots were harmless and would merely initiate me into the modern world and good life of the hip, the rich, and the beautiful. The only reason other doctors don't mete out similar shots, my friend told me, is that conventional medical men are too puritanical to dispense drugs that simply make you feel good.

Doctor A's office occupies about half of the ground floor of an old mansion. On the street near his door, when I arrived, were a pair of double-parked Cadillacs. One had M.D. plates and was, I later learned, the doctor's. The other had a stack of parking tickets piled visibly on the dashboard inside the car. A policeman was placing yet another ticket between the wiper and the windshield. The scowling Cadillac, it turned out, belonged to one of Doctor A's patients, a 22-year-old oil heir who was then in the doctor's waiting



Susan Wood, author of the *Dr. Feelgood* report, here re-enacts her treatment sessions: "... Legs dangling, like kids on a fence ..."

room. He looked like a nervous little frog decked out in a superbly tailored suit. He and a half-dozen sartorially splendid young men formed a golden circle of rich kids around a low table. In that group, too, were two girls, one a former fashion editor, the other the youthful star of a then-current Broadway musical. They were the other halves of couples who "took together."

Beyond the fringes of that golden circle were a half-dozen other patients scattered on various chairs who looked quite different. Huddled into herself was an utterly blank-faced girl, the picture of alienation, who, my friend told me, was a Playboy Club bunny. In a corner two aging women wearing identical black leather jackets out of a 42nd Street rough-trade store, chino slacks, and Keds sat on a bench holding hands. There was also a freaky mulatto man of indeterminate age who upon entering pranced about the waiting room striking dueling poses with a cane until a nurse appeared and shouted at him. He responded by instantly sitting down, like a dog who had just heard his master's command. For beautiful people, Doctor A's patients seemed a mixed bag.

Perhaps four other patients were be-

ing treated in the examining rooms. I learned, while about a dozen of us waited. After almost an hour's wait, a crisp nurse in starch white, who directed the flow from room to room, finally waved the oil heir, my friend, and me into one of the treatment rooms. We perched on a long examining table, our legs dangling, like three kids on a country fence. That seemed the proper spirit.

"Well, well, my children..." I heard Doctor A before I saw him. My eyes had been fixed on the other of two doors at opposite ends of the examining room, and when I turned around, there before me was a Slenderella Santa Claus, a cheerful, well-proportioned man with white hair, merry eyes, and an avuncular manner. "Are you about to go off for a nice weekend?" he said. And for me, after being introduced, there was a gentle hug.

I followed him into a large office carefully done in Airport Modern. There he registered no surprise when, although I wasn't fat in the least, I said that I had come because I wanted to lose some weight. (My friend had suggested I say this.) He waved me to a scale and noted my weight.

He then had me take a chair next to

his desk. He drew up another chair to take my pulse, blood pressure, listen to my heart, and ask about my racial origins. Doctor A had some interesting notions about blood. To have European blood is good, he said. Eastern European blood may be all right, but not so good as German and French. A Celtic strain is fraught with physiological peril—a weakness for alcohol, the real killer. Did I drink, and how much?

Doctor A then filled a large syringe with a liquid mixture assembled from bottles clearly labeled as various vitamins and minerals. We sat very close, my knees between his. He gripped my arm below the elbow with one hand and with the other found a vein instantly. I saw my own blood float into the pink fluid in the syringe. Ever so slowly, he pushed the whole mixture into my bloodstream.

His large warm eyes looked deep into mine. His voice was gentle. I remember his saying what a nice fellow the guy who brought me was. The rest was lost to me in the incredible warmth that suffused me, glowed within me, and billowed against the limits of my skin and beyond. Click! Muscles bunched at the top of my neck loosened, and now I was dropping 30 floors in the Pan

# "... Ah, the sunset people! Here was the velvet underground swathed in mind-blowing pajamas and thrift-shop wonders ..."

Am elevator and spinning on in an undulating thrill marked not by fear but by a kind of orgasm. By all physical signs I was, as Masters and Johnson describe it, "on the final plateau of arousal."

The syringe was empty, Doctor A slowly withdrew it, and I almost dropped in a slow-moving heap in his arms. Gently, gently, he applied a small Band-Aid to the puncture in my arm and retreated behind his desk.

"Losing weight is mostly a matter of diet," he purred, "but this does help a bit." He looked at me knowingly, as if waiting for me to say something. It all seemed—the whole meaning of the shot—brilliantly clear. My heart raced.

"Reward principle," I said, feeling sure he knew what I meant, "very clever. But my heart! Are you sure it's all right?"

"Yes, yes," he replied. "You're just a little excited."

As I got ready to leave, I blurted out something that had been gathering in my mind: "Are you sure you are doing the right thing for all those neurotic kids out there?" Never had I felt so sure of an insight, so intelligent. I felt like Superman, as if I were ripping off my timid-girl disguise to reveal the real, powerful me. "Shouldn't they be getting analyzed instead of a shot in the arm?" Hardly stopping for breath, I went on about how great it feels and began mumbling something about in the long run, and . . . and . . . I was, in fact, running off at the mouth.

Doctor A cut me off, saying, "Trust. Trust Papa. He knows what he's doing. If there's a physical symptom, there's a physical condition—and a medicine to deal with it." He gave me a paternal kiss on the cheek and a final word. "Don't worry about all this," he said. "Have fun and I'll see you when you get back."

Time remained elusive throughout the rest of the day. Floating sensations alternated with moments of unprecedented decisiveness and confidence. Relaxed, happy, I went on a buying spree at Gucci. Money meant practically nothing. I was absolutely sure I could pick up extra free-lance jobs to pay for anything I wanted to buy.

The sensual kick of the shot lasted only about six hours. But my euphoria extended through the weekend. I went to Fire Island. Late Sunday night the only adverse reactions I was aware of were neck glands a bit tender and a slight feeling of fatigue. But that could have been the late hours I had kept and

the rigors of a Sunday night drive from Long Island to Manhattan in summer traffic.

On Monday, I found myself seated once more on a chair facing Doctor A. He looked into my eyes and asked how I felt.

"Terrific," I said.

"Well, then, you don't need anything," he replied evenly. I had the uneasy feeling that he could read my mind. He seemed to sense that I was ambivalent about continuing. He seemed to want me to express more eagerness before he would suggest doing anything more. I wanted more, but I also liked the idea of just dropping the whole thing. I suppose I just looked slightly dumfounded.

"I see people who drink a lot and exhaust themselves," he said, without any further prompting. "Some are alcoholics, some have been drug addicts, some over-eat. Most over-indulge in many ways and all abuse their bodies."

"All this," he went on, with a casual wave, almost a salute, to his office, "helps them, but I do more than simply help medically. I'm like a conscience for my patients. I scold them. I make them adhere to at least one discipline—coming here within the prescribed hours. I talk to them and listen to their troubles. One patient was punishing himself for being a homosexual and I encouraged him to admit to it and value himself anyway. I'm not like Doctor— [another Feelgood], who is evil. He addicts his patients to things. I don't."

I was puzzled. I said, "Are you saying you don't use . . ."

"I give amphetamines when I think it necessary," he interjected smoothly, "but not all the time." He seemed suddenly to remember all the patients in his waiting room. With the impatience one might show with naughty children pestering for ice cream, he blurted: "Oh, it's always one thing or another. First it was pot they wanted, and now it's meth. This fuss over it is a lot of nonsense. All it does is make them feel a little stimulated."

As he talked, he was ushering me out of his office. He clearly had no intention of giving me another shot. He had sensed my wariness. A good patient, I began to think, wouldn't have felt terrific by Monday.

I began speaking to friends about the shots. I was astonished to learn how many not only had heard about them, but had actually experienced them.

There seemed to be two groups. One was composed of middle-aged, old-guard intellectuals, who said they had gone to a Dr. Feelgood for their work, to get more work out of their brains. Few of them seemed aware, or would admit, that the shots were a turn-on.

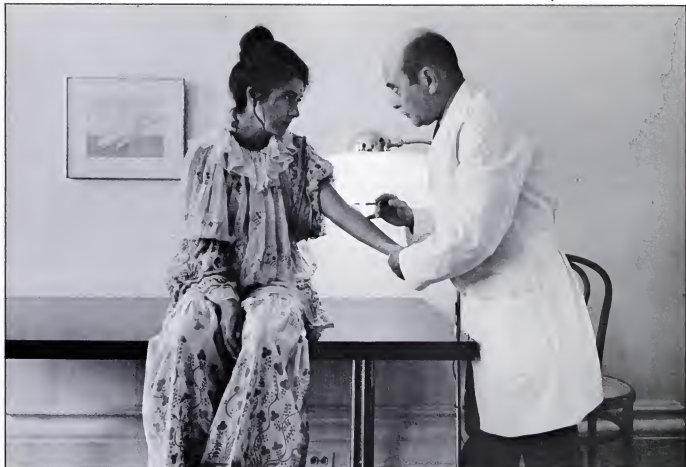
But the second group, an under-30 crowd, thought of their doctors mainly as a legal source for zappo highs—the top of a mountain where establishment and hip meet. Their elders talked mainly of the vitamin ingredients of the shots that promoted health, work and other virtues. The younger speedsters talked mainly, excitedly, about the amphetamine content of each syringe. The vitamin or other content mattered, if it mattered at all, only as they speculated on its ability to provide new kicks. Regardless of age, they all saw the shots as tomorrow's medicine here today and a mind-expanding extravaganza that had to be good, for it was medicine.

I decided to go on with the reporting. This wasn't just a story about some rich-kid speed freaks getting legal jolts. It was about some of New York's most attractive and accomplished people developing a habit. If I was to return to Doctor A and get to others, however, my editors and I decided that for my own protection, for reasons of both health and law, some tests should be run to determine what I was getting in my shots. If I were to report that there was amphetamine in a shot I had received, I had better be able to prove it. The drug had only recently been placed on the Food and Drug Administration's dangerous drug list. Tests for vitamin and hormone levels, it turned out, were staggeringly expensive and not especially reliable. However, reliable tests to determine the presence of narcotics, barbiturates and amphetamines were available. Therefore, urine specimens were analyzed from time to time at the Medical Examiner's toxicology lab on First Avenue and 31st Street, considered one of the best in the country.

"Of course I'll take care of you," Doctor A said with fatherly warmth when I saw him again. "I thought you didn't want me." This time when the needle pierced my flesh I momentarily feared that I was starting something I might never want to stop but . . . Oh! there was that fantastic warmth spreading through me again.

I had planned to stop in two weeks. But I had a sudden bout of intestinal trouble that could be cured, Doctor A





*"...His warm eyes looked deep into mine. I saw my own blood float into the pink fluid in the syringe..."*

told me, by daily shots during a two-week period. There were other odds and ends of medical problems that I ordinarily might have brought to my own doctor, but I would think, "What the hell, for the same price I can feel great immediately."

There were days, including one gloomy Sunday, when I felt down. A few drinks might have been the conventional recourse, but it was just as easy to hop into a cab and visit Doctor A and have him take care of it. All told, through a 90-day period, I had 22 injections.

During those three months, I never knew exactly what went into each injection cocktail. But the injectables were clearly labeled and stacked in large supply in each of Doctor A's examining and treatment rooms. Massed and ready for use on all the work tables were hormones, vitamin B complexes, vitamin C, iron, calcium gluconate, procaine hydrochloride, the anti-depressant Tofranil, Benadryl, and methamphetamine. A toxicologist I later consulted told me that methamphetamine, calcium gluconate, and procaine hydrochloride are valued in some quarters for their ability to create sensations of euphoria.

Of six shots I had tested in the three months, two proved positive for amphetamine, another showed an indication of it, and three showed none present. (The tests on barbiturate and narcotic content were negative.) The fact that no meth showed up in a test did not preclude the possibility that there was some in that shot. Toxicologists say there is a 15 per cent chance of error in such tests. Moreover, the body can metabolize enough of the drug to prevent detection of small amounts.

Doctor A was not a cold clinician. We would exchange confidences all the time, the doctor and me. He would tell me of small burdens and minor irritations, or of petty betrayals and his transient losses of faith in people. I had the same kind of problems and found him utterly sympathetic.

When I was sloppy, he would suggest tenderly that I tidy up—such a pity for a pretty girl not to look her best. He would tell stories and jokes whose moral was that life should be enjoyed. The perfect, permissive father.

And I came to sample the ebb and flow of patients—the early morning people in the 6 to 10 a.m. session, the lunch-time crowd between 11 a.m. and 2, and the sunset ones from 6 to 8 p.m.

The early crowd was older, more dour. Except for the occasional jet-set type getting an eye-opener, it could be any doctor's waiting room. The early faces were tense, middle-aged, New York-gray. Lunch-time patients were a mixed bag, dominated by those rich kids I met on my first visit—though I began to note an occasional mink-coated middle-aged weight-loser and an occasional fat kid.

But, ah, the sunset people! Here was the velvet underground swathed in mind-blowing pajama suits, thrift-shop wonderments, big-knife ties, antique shoes, the hairdo of the moment. "If this creep doesn't hurry," one impatient velvet undergrounder once muttered to another, "we're going to miss the next one." On with it, on with it, the undergrounders would wish mightily, apparently rushing from one office to the next to double and triple the ante, rushing, rushing.

Providing a sympathetic ear, some encouraging words, a place to go at just the right time, Dr. Feelgood has probably saved some lonely soul from suicide or at least the painful thoughts of it, I began to think. I would not be surprised if Doctor A in particular had saved some foolish patients from

## "... I could swing a broom or focus my camera with the same zeal. I seemed to drift. A rude awakening came with the bill ..."

inadvertent suicide—an accidental overdose of a self-administered drug.

If Doctor A finds in his work any special reward, apart from money, it may well be the knowledge that he does help where, perhaps, no one else will. Most conventional doctors, I think, would regard his kind of patient as a nuisance. As a further reward, there may be pleasure in having an interesting group of patients, even some with social cachet. Toward these latter Doctor A seemed to feel a special closeness. Even if he didn't know them personally, Doctor A seemed to regard any old-line rich family as part of his flock. Their black sheep were his special care. He often referred to the *Times* society page. "If only they had sent him to me I could have saved him," Doctor A said one day, commenting on one wealthy young man who got involved in a messy death caused by a drug overdose.

My only problem—which I certainly didn't notice at the time—was that I was happily floating along doing nothing about some real problems. There was a divorce I had meant to get months ago. I was keyed up with energy, full of smiles and laughter, which would give way to feelings of depression. But my happiness, sadness, and even my occasional periods of intense activity were unfocused states of being. I could swing a broom or focus my camera with the same zeal. I seemed to drift. A rude awakening came with the bill. I had already spent far more at his office than I had expected to spend to research all three doctors. And that line at the top—"period of treatment covered"—that was the first time I realized I had been going to Doctor A for three months.

I got the divorce. I became grimly determined to get on to the other two doctors on my list with a maximum of three visits each. I really wanted to chuck the whole thing, but finishing this story became a matter of honor, a test of professionalism.

Picture a gallery of modern art in some fashionable quarter. Bamboo benches elegantly upholstered in bright orange. Beatles and Bach and Beach Boys and Scarlatti on tapes. And, oh yes, a half-dozen paintings. Enormous canvases, they were—Pilgrim fathers among riotous nudes, splashes of black and white colliding with flesh pink, authority enmeshed in sensuality. The people in the waiting room of the physician I shall call Doctor B might debate the meaning of these paintings with as much ease and

interest as they might an Allen Ginsberg poem, the politics of Carter Burden, the value of smoking pot, or their identities. Doctor B told me his offices had evolved into a forum for the exchange of ideas. These paintings were one of many changing exhibits. Often, Doctor B would invite a guitarist to play in the waiting room. The doctor was creating "a new medical environment," a sort of pilot model for what he hoped to develop into a preventive medicine center.

But when I entered that office there were only a couple of thin young men in shooting goggles, an obviously rich (Hermès and Gucci everything) but very fat young girl, and an undistinguished photographer's model—to be expected, as I knew one leading model agency sent some skinny girls here to get skinnier still.

My appointment was for 2 p.m., and I was on time. After a mere half hour, zip service compared to the usual wait at Doctor A's, I was ushered into Doctor B's office, a cool gray, white, and glass room, super-mod, a *Playboy* version of a bachelor study. The doctor, a short puckish ash-blond with blue eyes, bade me take a chair facing him across the Parsons table that served as his desk. Leaning back in his chair, lighting a cigarette, he bluntly asked who had sent me. I named a fashion model, a friend of mine.

"Ah yes," he said, "then you know about the shots."

"Well, not fully," I said. Would they make me smarter, sexier, more dynamic?

"You'll feel your body more, of course, but the rest depends on where your head is."

He spoke in that plain undramatic way a personnel director of a large corporation might in explaining a routine job to a trainee. "One patient," he continued smoothly, "tells me he sees people with greater clarity. He says he sees right through their heads. Shots won't make you particularly happier or sadder but just intensify whatever mood you're in. They will help you organize your thinking. The treatment for you would run for three weeks, three times a week. ["Treatment for what?" I almost blurted out.] There's also a weight-loss program, but that's a little different."

Leaning over the waist-high bookshelves along one wall, my bottom exposed, I accepted a fast intramuscular injection. It was a small needleful, in-

jected matter-of-factly. He had not taken a blood sample, had not taken my blood pressure, had not listened to my heartbeat, or anything else. He was hip. We both knew I was not there for my yearly check-up. Because the shot was intramuscular, I had no immediate reaction. Just a quick heart beat in anticipation of wonders to come.

His receptionist told me I had to pay before leaving: \$90 for the three-week program. Couldn't I be billed? No. Then could I pay in installments? Sure. Ten dollars, please.

As I wrote a check, a lanky young man was walking out. I caught up to him at the door and asked chummily: "How do you like the shots?"

"I don't take them anymore," he said. "I'm here because of an allergy."

"Oh? Is he good on that?"

"Do you think I'd come here if there was something wrong?" he said. "I just came to get the name of a specialist."

For stimulating intellectual productivity, Doctor B's shots hadn't worked any better, or worse, than Doctor A's. But the crash-down was definitely worse than anything I had known before. Tense, irritable, I crashed into a fit of melancholia and found myself crying over inconsequential problems. But within a day or so I was back to my old self and, in fact, feeling quite relaxed and cheerful.

I had pretty much forgotten about the crash period when I went back about a week later. This time the nurse, not the doctor, wielded the needle. I wondered whether I could influence the dosage. "The first shot didn't energize me enough," I said. Could she alter the formula?

She warned that it wasn't a good idea to put too much of the "adrenal stimulant" in the cocktail, but she said she would add a bit more. I paid the \$10.

It was now about 11:30 a.m. and I had a lunch appointment with an attractive man. As lunch progressed, I felt a new wave of onrushing sensuality. But was it the shot or was it the man? Would the sensation be the same in the company of this man even without the shot? In the confusion, I felt my research experiment toppling. I didn't return for my third shot. Tests on the two shots I had taken showed: Barbiturates—negative; narcotics—negative; methamphetamine—positive.

That small taste of Doctor B's medicine seemed to be all the research I



*"... An incredible warmth suffused me, glowed within me, and billowed against the limits of my skin and beyond ..."*

could stand at his hands.\* I was now ready to visit the most celebrated—indeed, fabled—Dr. Feelgood of them all, the one reputed to have treated Presidents, a princess, a congressman, and even Eddie Fisher.

Doctor C, as I shall call him, doesn't see just anybody. To be accepted as a patient, those in the know said, I would have to offer credentials and prove my sincerity. I sent him letters of recommendation, tear sheets of my best work as a photographer, and a fawning letter expressing my admiration for the great work I had heard he had done. I pursued him for three months. Finally, I was granted an appointment.

Doctor C's small waiting room: A

\* Some months later, the story not yet finished, I thought I would check some points with another visit to Doctor B. But he was nowhere to be found. His New York number was, as the girls at the phone company say, temporarily disconnected, and there was no longer a listing for his office in the Hamptons. Some people said he was dead. I recently learned, however, that he is alive and well. I called on him, not as a patient, but as a journalist. He told me he had given up his practice and his hope of creating a "new medical environment." He discovered, he said, that he couldn't trust his patients. "They had no responsibility." But he still believes in his injections. He said the next thing he'd like to work on is a "bio-chemical approach to sex" with "carefully selected, responsible patients."

pay phone on the wall, a desk cluttered with papers and a tray of gummy brown injectables in sealed bottles, a badly groomed receptionist who turned out to be an unemployed actress. No Eddie Fisher, no international royalty in sight. Just a kid in a wheelchair who really looked sick, some menopausal ladies, and several pot-bellied intellectual-looking men in their middle years. The atmosphere was homey, one big, aging family offering to get sandwiches for one another, drop dimes in parking meters, or comfort one poor lady retching into her handkerchief.

After a two-hour wait, I was led by a nurse to a small examining room where she took a blood sample and my blood pressure. (Several weeks earlier I had forwarded, at Doctor C's request, a rather full medical history.) She then brought me into the doctor's office-examining room-laboratory. A beam of ultra-violet light shot through a chunk of quartz formed strange wavy patterns on the ceiling. Tall piles of dog-eared papers everywhere. Odd bits of what appeared to be magnetic sculptures, with pieces of dark metal clinging together. Thick objects wrapped in velvet, tied with string. Bottles and vials rising to the ceiling on long shelves.

In the midst of the clutter sat a man in a rumpled white shirt, hunched over something, his back toward me. "Sit!" he said, without turning around, and he pointed to a small stool. Then he wheeled his chair around. His shoes were cracked. His worn blue trousers, with faded patches from knees to pockets, looked as if he habitually wiped them with hands smeared with chemicals. His shirt was open at the neck, the sleeves casually rolled to the elbows. One rolled sleeve had a large fresh blot of what appeared to be blood on it where it touched his skin. From wrists to elbows, where his sleeves cut off the view, the skin of both inner forearms was marked by what appeared to be needle tracks—tiny scabs, very close together.

"Look!" he said, peering at me as he gathered up a pile of snapshots from a work table. "Look!" he repeated, reaching for a velvet-wrapped club of some sort. A twisted piece of rusted metal dangled from the velvet head, apparently held by magnetism. When he tried to pull the bit off, it fell out of his grasp and clanged to the floor. I picked it up for him and he shoved it on the table. "Look!" he said again, and he began rubbing an ordinary color snapshot.

“... Doctor C turned to the syringes and asked me how I wanted to feel: ‘Relaxed? Conversational? Brilliant?’...”

The photograph showed Doctor C and a middle-aged lady sitting on a terrace in what appeared to be a vacation spot. In front of them were some half-eaten papayas. Behind them was a cluster of palm trees and, in the far background, an overexposed body of pale green water. Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub. “Look now!” he said excitedly. “Three dimensions!” He looked expectantly at me as I stared at the photograph. The color might have become a bit richer, if one wanted to be friendly about it, but it didn’t seem three-dimensional at all.

“My,” I said, “the colors certainly do seem a bit richer.” I wasn’t ready to lie, but I wasn’t ready to fail any sincerity test either.

“Yes, I can bring the color out,” he said. “You bring your bad photos to me. I can fix.” He rubbed now over a pinkish flower and it certainly appeared to get redder. He began rubbing another snapshot.

“Now do you see three dimensions?” he demanded. Well, frankly, no, I said. Helpfully, I told him that I had often rubbed color Polaroids just after they were developed and the heat did bring out the more slowly developing tones.

“Look again,” he demanded impatiently. This time he took a picture of an atomic explosion out of a magazine and he began rub-rubbing again. He can’t get anything out of a magazine photo, I thought. “Look!” he said, holding it up. “Well? Well?” he demanded.

“Well,” I said, “it does bring things out a bit.”

His heavy, lined face relaxed a bit. “All right,” he said. “Why are you here?”

“Well, I heard a lot about you and I’m, well, interested in your approach to medicine.”

“Yes, yes. You wanted to see the great man. What else?”

“Well, I’m tired a lot and feel depressed, and since my divorce I don’t have much interest in things.”

“Your ‘wells’ tell me more than everything else you’ve said. Do you have a boy friend?”

“Not really.”

“Why not? You should. Do you drink?”

“Well, yes.”

“You’re a drunk, aren’t you?”

“No, I drink, but...”

“I think you drink too much. No, you can’t drink and come to me. You must stop. Have you ever been to a psychoanalyst?”

“Yes.”

“No, it doesn’t work. Have you ever been to a doctor who gave you shots?”

“Yes.”

“Why didn’t you continue?”

“It was in Europe,” I lied.

“Who?”

I named someone in England I’d heard about.

“Yes, I’ve heard about him. Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“You look sneaky. You keep things back. You’re not telling me everything. You don’t tell *yourself* everything.”

There was a long pause. His eyes seemed to be penetrating my mind. Should I leave quietly?

“All right,” he said at last. “If you come to me, you stop drinking. If not, I don’t see you. You cannot drink with these shots. You come to me for a while, then I teach you to give them to yourself.”

I was soon lying on the examining table watching him, still sitting in his office chair, wheel himself to the racks of injectables in small vials. He would rub his jaw, hold a vial up to the light. I would see a brilliant flash of green or purple light reflecting off precious stones that were in the vials. He seized one vial, then another, extracting some liquid each time into a small disposable syringe. In the process, he knocked a bottle to the floor and simply left it there.

“Why do you wear glasses?” he demanded. “Take them off and you’ll be able to see.” He was standing over me with a small syringe. “Take off your glasses and roll on your side.” He gave my bottom an intramuscular shot. “Don’t you do it i.v.?” I asked, surprised he didn’t use a vein. “That’s the other—I’m not so sure I believe in them any more. Give me your arm.” He found a vein easily and gave me another shot. It was like that first time with Doctor A.

“What do you feel?”

“Like I’ve just made love.”

“Some people say they feel that,” he said, smiling. Then he abruptly pushed an eye chart up close to my nose, much too close for me to read it. “Take it,” he ordered. “Read! Read!” He seemed to speak mainly in the imperative mood. “Read!” he said, guiding the chart by pulling my hands about two feet away from my eyes.

“I can’t. It’s upside down.” We turned it right and, yes, I could read it without glasses. A slight improvement, maybe.

“Your vision will improve,” he said.

Then he stared at me, quietly, and it seemed a most relaxing way to pass the time. “You’re embarrassed about something,” he said after a long pause. “You’re hiding something.” Another long pause. Then he picked up some bars that had bits of metal clinging to them. “Stand and hold,” he said, indicating the eye chart. He passed the bars back and forth over my head, and he asked me to say when my vision was clearest. But I perceived no visual changes.

He rang his nurse and she brought in a bottle of thick yellow liquid. I was instructed to rub the liquid between my palms, cup my hands over my nose and inhale the fumes. It made me feel dizzy, but I was to use the stuff twice a day for three weeks. “Call tomorrow,” he said, and turning his back, dismissed me.

“That’s \$25 for the visit, \$10 for the blood test and \$5 for the medication,” the receptionist said.

“Please bill me.”

“You pay now. We don’t bill.”

I wrote out a check and headed for the lab to get an analysis done. (The test indicated the presence of methamphetamine.) The trees, the kids, the sun, the dogs—New York looked loving, loved, lovable. “Life is like a fountain.” What a great first line for a magazine article, I thought, after I had settled into a taxicab. “The time of the apocalypse is now.” Another great article was writing itself in my all-encompassing mind.

Doctor C looked much more together on my next visit, one month later. Trousers clean and pressed, hair combed, shoes gleaming, freshly tanned, the sleeves of his natty turtle-neck pull-over rolled down to his wrists—he looked positively with it. Once we got past another demonstration of his 3-D photo process, and after the magnets, the conversation went well, too.

I told him I liked the shot, all right, but the ointment didn’t do much for me. Didn’t do much for him either, he confided. As he turned to the syringes, he asked how I wanted to feel: “Relaxed? Conversational? Brilliant?”

“Relaxed and brilliant will do,” I said. “I don’t feel like talking at all.”

My mood changed as he withdrew the needle with a cool smile. “Can this harm me in any way? Can it addict me?” I asked.

The doctor apparently didn’t feel like talking much either. He offered some perfunctory assurances—“After





"...Now I was dropping 30 floors in the Pan Am elevator and spinning on in an undulating thrill..."

all, what's wrong with continuing something good?" The main ingredient, he said, is the enzymes, highly cell-building. "How old is your father?" he asked as I was leaving. "You should send him to me."

I couldn't find the receptionist and simply walked out. The bill arrived within three days: \$25. The doctor's rates apparently varied, for, earlier that evening, as I waited for the shot, I met a fortyish lady artist, a prototype for Raphael Soyer's downtrodden beauties used and abused by the capitalist system, who told me she paid only \$5.

It had been a long wait that night, but not so long as the wait in store for me on my next visit, one afternoon a week later: three hours. At the end of the third hour, I walked out without the shot. Twice more I came for shots and twice more I walked out because of the endless wait—and because of the time it gave me to question the wisdom of pursuing this story another minute.

In time, word got around that I was writing an article about these doctors. I began to get calls from friends and friends of friends to inform me of assorted disasters or cures that they or

their friends attributed to one Dr. Feel-good or another, or to tell me incredible tales involving an unbelievable list of celebrities. There was an *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Doctor C stories.

Among the calls was one from a distinguished artist. He offered to help. He knew more about the subject and about Doctor C, he said, than anyone else. I knew of him by reputation, of course, but I had never met him. I thought he'd make a good interview.

The interview was arranged the very day I first spoke with him. He picked me up at my studio and took me to his studio where, he said, we could talk freely and where he had at hand various documents on the doctor's work.

There was a catch: he wanted to edit my manuscript. If I let him do that, he would tell me about the doctor's most arcane work, about secret government experiments, about the doctor's contribution to space medicine, about super-secret reports that would astonish me. I refused the deal, basing my position on journalistic ethics.

"What a dumb and old-fashioned idea," he said. Then his manner changed. He turned tough. "Doctor C is connected with some very powerful and influential people," the artist said,

"so powerful they can see you never work for a magazine again. Influences in government, like the CIA, can see that what you write is never printed. There are ways."

Then he produced some documents and said they would reveal to me the importance of Doctor C's work. They were mine to see if I would let him edit this article.

The drama was getting me and I made a little statement: I don't have any knowledge of secret government work and don't want to know about it. If you're afraid about my talking about the "speed" content of the shots, don't. Doctors have the right to prescribe it.

Electrical connection!

Through an unbearably long pause, he stared coldly at me. Then, slowly, firmly, he said, "There is no amphetamine in his shots!"

For the first time I was really afraid to be alone with him. But he soon broke off staring. "If there was amphetamine as an ingredient in the formula," he said more softly, "mixed with other ingredients it becomes something else, something that is essentially what they put in high-energy breakfast cereals."



*"...Bad trip. My jaw muscles ached. I felt as if my teeth were loose. I couldn't chew for a week..."*

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**"... The doctor is a genius, I was told. Ordinary people who do not have the scientific background cannot follow him ..."**

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"So why not just eat Wheaties?" The bad joke broke the tension. He wasn't scary anymore. He became a friendly guy showing me his latest injection site—the fleshy part of his thumb. He proposed lunch with an "important man from Wall Street" and a lawyer who, he said, was connected with the CIA. The idea was to "talk more about the article" and "straighten things out."

At lunch, it turned out that the Wall Street man was a patient of Doctor C and the lawyer was Doctor C's lawyer. They were all very sweet. The lawyer cautioned that I might be open to libel actions, while the artist and the Wall Street man tried to persuade me of the value of the doctor's work. At last, they hit on an idea: why not let an associate of Doctor C be spokesman for their position? Why not, indeed?

A few weeks and many phone calls later, some literature—essentially fundraising brochures, it seemed to me—came to me by mail. I recognized them as the "secret reports" that the artist

had dangled before me in his studio.

I finally had an interview with Doctor C's associate—at 7 a.m. at his office. He starts working at 6 a.m., he explained, and he considers 7 a.m. a perfectly normal hour for an appointment. Yes, he takes Doctor C's shots and thus, being in the pink of health, needs little sleep. The doctor is misunderstood, he said. Doctor C is totally devoted to his work, is a real humanitarian, isn't concerned at all with money, and is, in fact, poor. Of the doctor's patients, 65 per cent pay partial fees and 25 per cent pay none at all. A famous Hollywood director, I was told, had tried to set up a fund for the doctor's research, but, ironically, he died before this dream was realized—and before paying up \$38,000 to the doctor for his own medical bills. All Doctor C is interested in, his associate said, is curing people and carrying on his research.

I asked him to explain the point of Doctor C's research. The brochures,

I confessed, didn't make much sense to me. The doctor's experimentation is far-reaching, I was told. He is seeking the key to all illnesses—the universal cure—something you can take that rebuilds damaged cells and defends healthy cells against invaders.

I asked what, exactly, Doctor C's shots did for patients suffering from multiple sclerosis, one of the diseases he was working on.

The doctor's medications give organisms more vitality, more alertness, more ability to fight diseases and meet stresses of modern life, his associate said. And since every organism derives its energy from cosmic rays and transforms them into life, physical changes are but changes in energy levels and therefore a mechanism that increased an organism's ability to do that would be highly beneficial.

Maybe if the doctor himself could see me, I suggested, I could understand all this better.

The doctor is a genius, I was told,



*"...I felt drugged and tense at the same time. Whatever appeal the shots once held was gone. Totally gone..."*

and so involved in his work that he doesn't link up with the minds of persons he talks to. Ordinary people who don't have the scientific background cannot follow him. But if I should see him as a patient, his associate suggested, perhaps I could discover the value of his work for myself. He would be happy to arrange that. Apparently no one connected with Doctor C—neither the artist, nor the lawyer, nor the Wall Street man—knew that I had been a patient. I declined with thanks and quietly said that I had already seen the doctor several times.

This was a big step for me. I find it hard to close doors on things, and I assumed that this would terminate all contact with the doctor. It did. I called Doctor C directly a number of times thereafter. I was repeatedly told the doctor was out of town indefinitely.

I had a hard time finishing this story. I personally liked many of the people who took Dr. Feelgood's shots. I liked their style, charm, talent. And I disliked the idea of presuming to judge them. I stalled and avoided the story. I accepted an offer of a staff job from a British magazine. I'll finish the story there, I promised myself. But I let it slide.

Yet I continued to stay in touch with the Dr. Feelgood scene. In London, as in New York, it's almost unavoidable in some circles. Like a defrocked member of a secret society, I'd recognize the rhetoric of anyone who was in it. "Got a vitamin shot today," a Londoner connected with the theater would say, adding an elated "Whooooo!" Within days of my arrival I had the names of London's most fashionable Dr. Feelgoods. From my New York experience, I could tell most of the time whether a person's charm belonged to him or to his latest shot.

About a year later I returned to New York. Motivated by doggedness and shame, I picked up the Dr. Feelgood story again. More interviews, library work, a refresher visit to Doctor A. Bad trip. My jaw muscles ached. I felt as if my teeth were loose. I couldn't chew for a week. I had felt again the physical symptoms of arousal, but where the turn-on really counts—in the head—I merely felt drugged and tense at the same time. Whatever appeal the shots once held was gone. Totally gone.

A postscript: Not long after my return I learned of the death of the artist who had offered to "help" with Doctor

C. He was only 47. The obituary I read gave the cause of death as heart attack. But the official death certificate told a different story.

He had died suddenly, on a Sunday. As in all sudden deaths in New York unattended by a physician, the coroners' office was informed. His body was brought to the morgue. An autopsy was put off until Monday. By then, a report arrived from the office of his physician, Doctor C, stating that the dead man had a history of rheumatic heart disease. Medical examiners found, however, that both arms, from his thumbs to his elbows, were tracked with pinpoint lesions and recent injection marks.

After a thorough autopsy, heart attack was ruled out as a possible cause of death. There was no swelling of the larynx, which might have indicated an anaphylactic drug reaction. The only unusual finding was the presence of methamphetamine in the liver and other organs. Noted in the autopsy report was a "history of self-administered intravenous injections of vitamin B complexes and sometimes amphetamines for twenty years..."

The death certificate concluded: "Cause of death: acute and chronic intravenous amphetamine poisoning." ■

# Second Avenue Subway: Bumpy Road Ahead

By Richard Cohen

"... After decades of palaver, the new line is under way. Soon the city will be embroiled in the inevitable political storm ..."

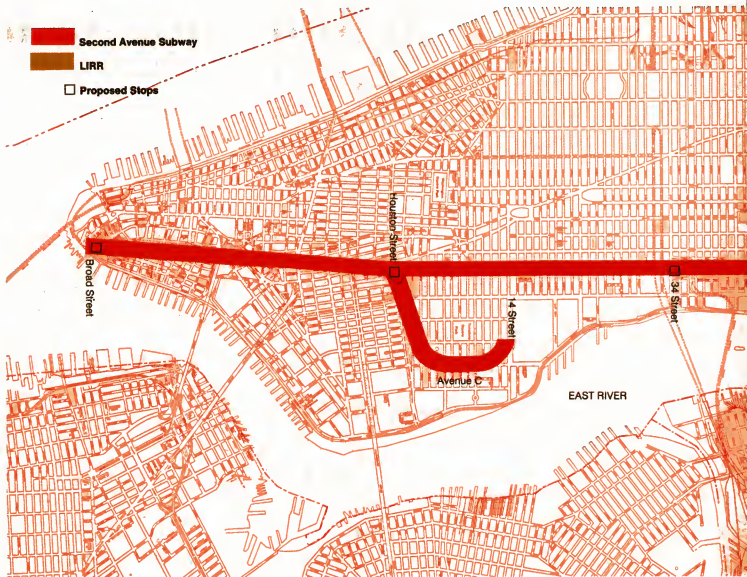
John Tremko, civil engineer, holds down his white hard hat against the offshore gusts. He leans over a catwalk ten stories above a great hollow cube gouged out of the solid bedrock of Welfare Island and points down to an arched opening running eastward at the bottom of the open pit. "That's where we're tunneling under the Island toward Queens." Then, wheeling

in the opposite direction, "And that's where we're dredging for the tubes that will go under the East River to Manhattan," gesturing toward the drill barge *Jake* and clamshell-scoop barge *Dunbar* anchored off 63rd Street and East River Drive.

As if on cue, a huge rectangular bucket at the end of a steel cable, hauled by a giant crane, rises out of

the ten-story pit and discharges its load of yellow-slickered sandhogs. The dynamiter's warning whistle pierces the air. The blaster links up his wires, then another whistle, a sharp crack, a boom and a trembling of earth. The Second Avenue subway, after decades of palaver, is finally under way. Those blasts, those barges, are the first manifestations of the ten-year project.

*The Second Avenue Line, According to Plan*





Soon the city will be embroiled in the political storm that is certain to erupt over the new subway. But, for now, one can contemplate the grace of men like Tremko and others who are involved with the steel and guts of building.

The approaching political donnybrook will center around the placement of the Second Avenue subway stations in Manhattan; the width of the tunnel under the Avenue; and the construction method to be used—open-cut-and-cover or deep-rock tunneling. The dispute will break out when the engineering consulting firm of DeLeuw, Cather & Associates makes its recommendations on stations, tunnel width and construction method. The report is now overdue.

The parties to the dispute are many—discontented residents of the Bronx and Queens clamoring for more municipal services; the half-million wealthy, articulate Upper East Siders, accustomed to giving orders to the bureau-

crats; the feisty ethnic communities north of 96th Street and south of 14th Street; the potent business and financial communities south of Canal Street; the technical elitists with their scarcely hidden disdain for the people who run the MTA; and, finally, City Hall and the Board of Estimate.

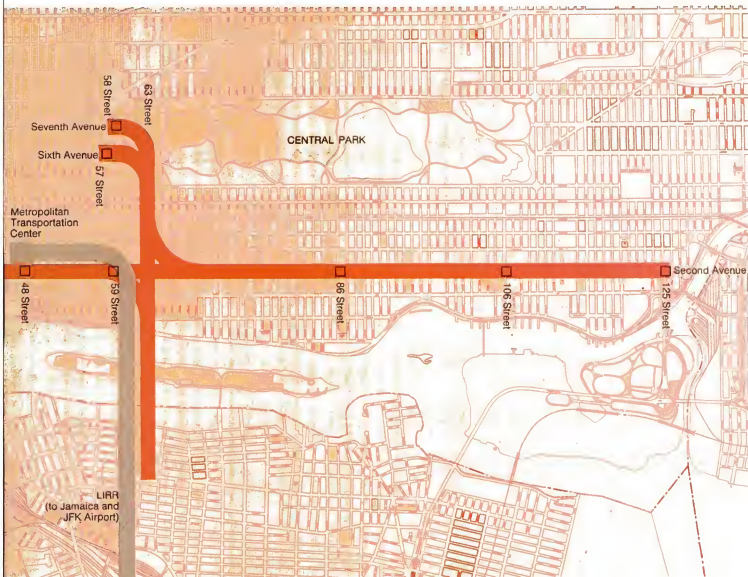
All that? All that surging of adrenals? All that money (\$347 million for the Second Avenue subway)? That impressive array of power? A political morality play over a couple of subway stops in Manhattan? More or less, yes.

The DeLeuw, Cather recommendations are predictable. Consulting engineers, like lawyers, accountants and poll-takers, usually manage to effect the result their clients wish.

DeLeuw, Cather's client, the MTA, already has its wishes on record. It wants a two-track subway running the length of Manhattan to Broad Street, with six stops—at 34th, 48th, 57th, 86th, 106th and 125th Streets. (Station locations below 34th Street are

still up in the air, and DeLeuw, Cather's consulting writ runs only between 34th and 125th Streets, anyway.) By comparison, the Lexington Avenue IRT has twelve local stops in the same span—33rd, 42nd, 51st, 59th, 68th, 77th, 86th, 96th, 103rd, 110th, 116th, and 125th. That'll give you an idea of what kind of service in mid- and upper Manhattan is planned along Second Avenue. The rationale behind the sparsity of Manhattan stops on the Second Avenue line is that the subway is designed primarily to serve the people of the Bronx and Queens by giving them subway lines where none exist now and getting them more speedily into and out of Manhattan. In this way, pressure on the fantastically overburdened Lexington Avenue IRT and Queens IND lines would be lightened.

The secrecy surrounding the MTA's plan was broken in August by former East Side Republican Assemblyman Stephen C. Hansen. New York City Transit Authority's chief engineer, John



T. O'Neill, in a moment of political innocence, handed Hansen the news. Hansen proceeded immediately from the meeting with O'Neill to a previously called press conference and reported on the MTA's dark doings. (Hansen himself was in some political trouble at the time and was searching for an issue that would galvanize his campaign for re-election—he found the issue but lost the election.)

All hell broke loose in Manhattan at the news. Representing the Upper East Side, Community Board 8, chaired by William Diamond, a former housing commissioner, protested MTA's "high-handed refusal to consult with citizens affected by its operations." The *Times* thundered in an editorial "The Transit and the City Administration, however, have seemed determined to put the project not only underground, but under-cover." East Harlem wanted more stops, and there were demands to provide stations closer to such intensively used places as New York and Metropolitan Hospitals.

Dr. William J. Ronan, chairman of both MTA and NYCTA, a man who never misses an opportunity to play the role of civic villain, replied somewhat testily that (1) MTA had originally proposed a four-track subway as far south as 34th Street but had been overruled by the Board of Estimate and (2) that the limited number of subway stops was the suggestion of a city task force consisting of the Transportation Administration, the City Planning Commission and the Bureau of the Budget made over the signatures of their respective heads, Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, Donald H. Elliott and Frederick O'R. Hayes, on August 14, 1968, two years before the Hansen Revelation.

You can chase your own tail for weeks discovering who is originally responsible for what, but the MTA is taking the rap because it presumably could have used its expertise to change the plan to limit the number of stations and it failed to consult with any of the communities that were to be affected.

Consulting with communities is something that does not come naturally to the MTA—although the events of the fall have made believers of the technical elitists who run that agency. A Transit Authority executive nostalgically recalled, "When La Guardia built the Eighth Avenue subway, there was no nonsense about consulting the communities on where the stations were to be located. There was no discussion. It was all under wraps. One day the jackhammers appeared and that's when you knew where the stations would be."

Indeed, it has been local interests, ranging from the nabobs of the downtown financial community to the minority groups and the poor of the Lower

East Side who have hollered, made waves and succeeded in turning the huge Second Avenue subway project, which often seemed to exist isolated from any human considerations, into something at least partly responsive to the transportation needs of Manhattan.

An original proposal to terminate the line at 34th Street until the 1980s, when it would be pushed south to Broad Street at the southern tip of Manhattan, was turned around by pressure exerted by the people living south of 34th Street and downtown business groups. The acceleration of this long-range plan

to build to the length of Manhattan was accomplished by some fancy horse trading at the Board of Estimate last March when the two-track line south of 34th Street was approved along with a loop to serve the Lower East Side bulge between 14th and Houston Streets.

To balance the enlarged service in Manhattan the Board of Estimate at that time agreed to expand service in Queens. Even so, Borough Presidents Sidney Leviss of Queens and Robert Abrams of the Bronx cast their votes against the plans. Leviss noted lately that the Lower East Side loop would



Stage One: tunneling under Welfare Island, heading for Queens

## Second Avenue Subway Facts

- The subway has been started. The barges in the East River off 63rd Street are digging the trench for the tunnel that will carry the subway trains from Queens, plus Long Island Railroad trains.
- The Second Avenue subway will run from 125th Street to Broad Street with a branch line to the Lower East Side, and with a connection to Queens and the Bronx. It is due to be operating by 1980.
- The projected cost is \$347 million, out of a \$3-billion allotment to be spent over twenty years for subway building and transportation improvement in all of New York's boroughs. (Two other major projects scheduled for Manhattan are a metropolitan transportation center around 48th Street and Third Avenue for the 1970s and a system of underground crosstown transportation at 57th, 48th, 42nd and 34th Streets for the 1980s).
- The Second Avenue segment will not have a transfer point with any existing subway except at the Houston Street-Second Avenue Station of the Sixth Avenue IND line.
- There will be a transfer point on the new subway at 63rd and Second for people traveling between the Bronx and Queens.
- Trains from Queens and the Bronx will go in three directions when they hit 63rd Street: half will go down Second Avenue, one-fourth will link up with the Broadway BMT at 59th Street, and one-fourth with the Sixth Avenue IND at 58th Street.
- Nobody knows where the trains will stop in Manhattan. If you want a station in your neighborhood, now's the time to get community support.

# "... Irate community groups protested MTA's 'high-handed refusal to consult with citizens affected by its operations.' ..."

service 49,500 residents, at a cost of \$55 million, while for a mere \$45 million the city could build a line in Queens that would serve one-third of a million residents between Rego Park and the Rockaways. "Poor people are where you find them," Leviss said, referring to the residents of Manhattan's Lower East Side, adding that Queens has just as many poor as Manhattan, but the Queens poor are miles, not mere blocks, from a subway.

The flareup highlighted the tension that exists between Manhattan and the other boroughs over plans to expand the city's transportation service which is another aspect of the accusation that Manhattan gets the lion's share of all kinds of city services—sanitation collection, snow removal, street sweeping and the like. Since the Second Avenue subway has been primarily designed to serve the people of the Bronx and Queens, demands for more stations in Manhattan (at \$8 million per station) would not only seem to divert vital funds from the other boroughs but also alter the avowed purpose of the subway.

The community groups are lying in wait for the final report, which is expected to support the MTA's (and the city's) preference for a limited number of stations. Ronan has agreed to hold hearings after the report is in, *although there is no requirement that he do so or be influenced by anything said or done at the hearings.*

There was a preview of what might happen last October when Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton held hearings on the station stop question. All the East Side community planning boards announced for more subway stations, as did every politician in sight, including some who hardly had a constituent in the subway's path. Everyone wants either (1) a four-track subway, even if only two tracks are installed right now, or (2) a three-track subway, or (3) a Manhattan skip-stop arrangement to preserve the express service for Bronx and Queens riders.

Sutton was a prime mover in working out the plan to bring service to the Lower East Side. The Board of Estimate originally proposed curving the Second Avenue subway somewhere around 14th Street to run under Avenue A. It was a makeshift solution to bring a subway to that rapid-transit-starved area. The MTA devised a considerably better plan, an acknowledged compromise, that called for a loop—forever to be known as the cuphandle

—that would run off 14th Street, down Avenue C and curve back west to intersect both the Second Avenue line and the Sixth Avenue IND line at East Houston Street. On the loop will run trains of the Sixth Avenue IND line that will terminate at Eighth Avenue and 14th Street, and a shuttle that will run along the loop between Eighth Avenue and 14th Street and East Houston and Second, giving the residents of the area a direct line to the Sixth Avenue midtown manufacturing area, where many of them work, and transfer points along 14th Street to every line in Manhattan except the Seventh Avenue IRT. The solution pleased almost everyone except the Bronx and Queens borough presidents and demonstrated that when the MTA was required to focus on a community problem, it could focus wonderfully well.

Many of the community groups have flexed their muscles in earlier set-tos with the MTA. Community Board 8 won a big round for the environment against the MTA's free-swinging engineers when it prevented the MTA from sending its bandits into Central Park—which Board 8 considers its turf—and tearing hell out of it, uprooting trees, playgrounds, ponds, and whatnot, and doing what can fairly be called irreparable damage to the crown jewel of Manhattan, in order to dig a branch of the new subway. Board 8, with the assistance of Edward Cross, secretary-treasurer of the Compressed Air Workers Union Local 147 (the sandhogs), in a fine display of that style of enlightened unionism known as "more pork chops for the men," pointed out that one could just as easily tunnel under Central Park as rip it open. MTA's permit to wreck the park was denied until a firm of consulting engineers, Singstad, Kehart, November & Hurka, could make its report. According to inside sources, the report, which has not yet been released, recommends reducing the planned open cutting of grassy areas on the Seventh Avenue spur from 2.8 to 0.2 acres, and to nearly zero on the Sixth Avenue spur, and will represent a solid victory for community action over the MTA.

The Park dig involves the line from Queens that will come into Manhattan at 63rd Street and will intersect the Bronx line at that point. Half the trains on both lines will head down Second Avenue, the other half will go under Central Park, and half of them will connect with the Seventh Avenue BMT

line and the remainder with the IND Sixth Avenue line at 58th Street.

Board 8, says Diamond, has got the MTA to agree to limit blasting in the 63rd Street area to between 7 a.m. and 11 p.m. and to try to keep blasting within limits tolerable to human beings—about 85-90 decibels. (New York street noise is 105 decibels.) MTA plans to maintain a full-time seismologist at Rockefeller Institute to monitor the blasting.

Diamond says his group has urged the 63rd Street Association to maintain its own surveillance over the blasting and to hire an engineer to check all the buildings along the 63rd Street blasting area for damage and to form a coordinating committee to work with the MTA. The blasting is due to start this winter under the Park and work its way east to the tunnel that is presently being built in the East River off 63rd Street.

"MTA has now become very amenable to working with community groups," says Diamond. "We are still greatly concerned about how the Second Avenue tunnel itself will be built. If the cut-and-cover method is used exclusively, Second Avenue, a high traffic artery, will be a shambles for almost a decade. We want the deep-rock-tunnel method to be used. As it stands now, there'll be some open cutting on the East Side for removal of blasting debris in the vicinity of 63rd and Second (where there'll be a station and a transfer point between the Queens and Bronx branches), another at Fifth Avenue around 63rd just inside the Park and a third around Sixth Avenue in the Park, so there ought to be a minimum of inconvenience to the public."

So the contending forces are squaring off for the last battle of the Second Avenue subway. The communities, heartened by previous encounters with the bureaucrats, will be up, their allies in the Manhattan borough president's office will be up, and perhaps the MTA, civilized by its previous encounters with the new style of community involvement, will try to present a reasonable and accommodating face to its clients, the riding public.

Meanwhile, they are pegging away at the gigantic project within sight of the traffic along East River Drive—the sandhogs, as they blast and muck out the debris; Tremko in his white hard hat; the barge operators. All of them, as they go about their work, are oblivious to the political stresses that have shaped what they have done so far and what they are going to do.

# Dealing with the Met: High Notes, Low Notes, Promissory Notes

By James McCracken and Sandra Warfield

**"No other opera house ever tried to make me sign an option. Mr. Bing got away with murder, because he had the house in New York."**

In 1957 a young American tenor named James McCracken walked out of his Metropolitan Opera contract, convinced that he would spend the rest of his life there singing small roles (and reassured by the management that he was probably right). McCracken's wife, the mezzo-soprano Sandra Warfield, left the Met with him, although she was faring better there than he was.

Six years later, on March 10, 1963, McCracken returned to the Met, after a European career that had made him a star. This time he came on, not as the Messenger in "Aida," but in the title role in Verdi's "Otello." He scored a tremendous success, and has been one of the company's most admired tenors ever since. Sandra Warfield, however, did not return. She was scheduled to do so last season, but her contract was canceled because of the labor problems that shortened the season. (She will be back next year, however, singing Dalila in "Samson et Dalila.")

This month the McCrackens' joint memoirs of their operatic careers, "A Star in the Family," will be published by Coward-McCann. These memoirs were taped by them during off moments in 1969, and deal with their activities during that year and with reminiscences of their careers up to then. The tapes were edited by Robert Daley.

The excerpts presented here deal mostly with the singers' experiences with the Metropolitan Opera, along with some insights on what it costs (in money and in fatigue) to be an opera singer. Except where noted, the excerpts are by Jim McCracken. In the first, he recounts the time, in 1968, when he sang tonsil-breaking leading roles two nights in a row at the Met.

From the book "A Star in the Family" to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc. Copyright © 1971 by James McCracken, Sandra Warfield and Robert Daley.

At ten o'clock in the morning my phone rang.

"One moment, Mr. McCracken, Mr. Bing would like to speak to you."

"Hello, Jim, how are you feeling?"

"Fine, Mr. Bing. And yourself?"

"We've got a cancellation here. Mr. Corelli is ill. Would you like to sing *Forza* tonight?"

"But I sing *Aida* tomorrow night."

"We can get someone else to sing *Aida*, if you'll sing *Forza*."

"Mr. Bing, there'll be people coming to hear me sing *Aida* who will be disappointed to hear someone else. And there will be people coming to hear Mr. Corelli sing *La Forza del Destino* who will be disappointed to hear me. Why should I disappoint two audiences on two successive nights?"

Silence.

"What would you think about singing both of them?"

"Mr. Bing, I've never sung *Forza* in your house. I've never seen your production. And when I sing this opera in Vienna they cut the big tenor-baritone duet, which I know you include here and there isn't time for me to learn it."

Silence.

"We will cut the duet."

Silence.

"This is risky business, Mr. Bing. I would have to ask for an extra fee. I do feel pretty good."

Silence.

"We can do that. You'd best get over to the costume department as soon as you can. After that the conductor, Martin Rich, would like a short run-through with you."

So I sang *Forza* Thursday night and *Aida* Friday night. It's nice to get away with it, but it wasn't smart.

At the Met you get paid after each performance. As the curtain comes down Stanley Levine hands you your check. For *Forza* there was none. I had had to get myself ready for the performance, but nobody got the check ma-

chine ready. O.K. I knew I'd get two checks tomorrow night, one for three thousand dollars, the other for six thousand dollars, the double fee Mr. Bing had agreed to. I didn't care if the six thousand dollars was for *Forza* or *Aida*.

The next night Stanley did hand me two checks, both for the same amount, three thousand dollars. Missing was the double fee I had taken the risk for.

Monday morning I went in to see Mr. Bing. As always Bob Herman and Paul Jaretski, two of his assistants, were in attendance. I don't believe the man has ever met me in his office alone. Perhaps he's afraid of me. He's a tall, extremely thin man in his sixties. Sandra thinks he's distinguished and rather handsome in an ascetic way. He weighs a good deal less than half of what I weigh. He's an Austrian with a British passport who's been running the Met for over twenty years. He's been on the cover of both *Time* and *Newsweek*. He runs the Met his way.

I went in ready for a fight. I thought the three thousand dollars was lost. If he were going to pay me, he'd already have paid me.

I said: "Mr. Bing, you owe me some money."

"How's that, Jim?"

"You promised me an extra fee for *Forza*."

"We'll see at the end of your contract where you stand," he said, and launched into a complicated speech about contracts, number of performances, and other performers. It was so involved, so irrelevant, and I got so angry, that I shouted out that he was a liar and so were all the rest of them in that room.

In a calm, unruffled voice, which a guy like me has great admiration for, he admitted that reference to an extra fee in our telephone conversation was perhaps a bad choice of words and he instructed Paul Jaretski to make me out a check for three thousand dollars.



Zurich, Feb. 17. We finished, finally, the 1968 taxes, I think. These are just those expenses attributable to my United States income.

Number one is transportation: \$4,160.28. This is all nonreimbursed airfares, including transatlantic flights. A few opera contracts include my ticket round-trip from Zurich, and some might include a ticket from New York to Miami or wherever. Concerts never pay your transportation.

Number two is hotels and lodging: \$5,074.93. This sum includes some

meals, telephone calls and laundry, but not hotel tips, and when you come in with big suitcases full of costumes it costs you a little bit to get them up to your room. Meals come to \$1,433.52.

Union dues: \$385. This is the American Guild of Musical Artists. Every artist in the opera house has to belong or you don't work. The unions may do something for the chorus and orchestra, but they do nothing for leading singers.

Commissions: \$11,074. We have about five agents in five different coun-

tries. The commissions they take vary in each country, and also depending upon whether you sing an opera or a concert. Our American agent is Arthur Judson Management Inc. They take 10 per cent for operas and 20 per cent for concerts. In most cases the agent is partially the organizer of the concert series that the cities and towns put on. You could never get the contract without the agent, whereas with an opera house you might.

Scores and recordings: \$264. There was a time when we spent more each year than this, but now we have a good library. Scores and recordings are not perishable, except for the ones we lose.

Pianist, coaching, accompanist: \$2,100. Even though you know an opera well, you need coaching to clean up various spots, after you haven't sung it for a while. Even if there's nothing to clean up and the pianist never opens his mouth, still you need someone to play the music for you while you sing it through and get it back in your voice. Singing requires muscle memory.

Auto rental: \$580; legal and accounting: \$3,500; laundry and dry cleaning: \$194.23. Sandra wants me to add that this last figure does not include laundry on the hotel bills; she doesn't want people to think I am a dirty old man.

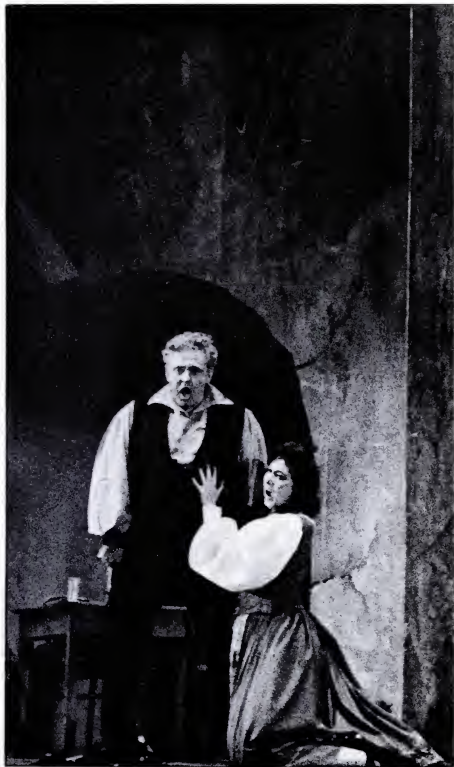
Publicity and promotion: \$1,708.94. Well, we didn't spend much on that last year; we intend to hire a full-time press agent for next season, and the figure will be about \$6,000.

Business entertainment and gifts: \$3,703. Some of this is taking people out to dinner after a performance, and some is Christmas gifts to people connected with the opera world. A lot of it is tickets. Each time an agent or visiting impresario or conductor wants to come to one of my performances it costs me a pair of tickets—and at the Met the tickets are priced at \$17.50 each. I get no free tickets at the Met, nor at most other places where I sing. I can afford this and I am not complaining. I put it in only because many people seem to think I get a whole row free.

Storage and rentals: \$207.16. Taxis and baggage handling: \$608.85. Tips and miscellaneous: \$578.80.

This brings us to the claque. Claque: \$40 per performance. This is an absolutely ridiculous institution that Mr. Bing could have put an end to when we came from the old house to the new. But he didn't. I pay this money to keep from being booed. I don't have the courage to refuse this blackmail. There are applause claques and so-called protection claques. At least I don't pay anyone to applaud me.

The guy that I pay, so far as I know, comes to the opera every night and works for every singer. Three or four singers are paying him off every night. For this he



McCracken and Warfield in "Cavalleria": together, but not at the Met.

"I told Bing about my book. 'It's a love story and you're the villain.' 'That's all right,' he replied, 'I'm writing one, too.'"

supplies standing-room tickets to six or eight of his friends, and these people holler bravo, or boo, depending on how much they're being paid and by whom. My claque is the John Bennett claque, and I understand there is one more claque at least which might have more people in it and be more expensive, and more noisy. But I don't know about that one. They've never approached me. It may well be reserved for the Italians. The idea of claques started in Italy. There is another type of claque which some leading artists use—certain singers buy up twenty or more scattered seats which they fill with friends, thus insuring a triumph every night. Twenty people can set the entire opera house applauding, especially when added to the regular claque. I have never paid a nickel to claques at Covent Garden or Vienna, which is part of the reason I like to sing there.

Maybe the reason Bing didn't eliminate the claque in New York is that he has on occasion used it. One of the stories I've heard is that when Maria Callas didn't show up one year—she canceled her performances of *Macbeth*—Leonie Rysanek was hired by Bing in her place. Bing I am told also hired somebody and placed this person right in the middle of the audience where he screamed "Viva Callas" in the middle of the performance. This was when Rysanek made her first entrance, and it was enough to turn the entire audience in favor of Rysanek, and applauding Rysanek. Bing knew the passion the American has for the underdog. Whatever else I might say about Bing in the course of this book, I must also say that he is a showman and he is successful.

London, Feb. 20. I have just had a telegram from the Metropolitan. When I get there next month my option for next year will be picked up, and we will talk about what operas I will do. But in the meantime I have had an offer to sing some extra *Turandots* here which they would like to add to their season during part of this same period, February 1 to 20, 1970. I have no real choice to say I would rather take Covent Garden. Instead I must get permission from Mr. Bing, because three years ago there was an option, or a rider to the contract I was then signing. This is completely wrong. If it had turned out that Mr. Bing didn't want me, he could have said, "We're not picking up your option," at which point I might already have turned down oth-

er offers. None of the other major opera houses in which I sing have even tried to make me sign an option. Instead they offer explicit contracts naming the operas, the dates, and the fees as far as three years in advance. Mr. Bing gets away with murder, because he has the opera house in New York.

I have sent a telegram and a letter



Sandra Warfield . . . beloved mezzo-soprano (except in immediate Lincoln Center area) . . . "I know she's singing great; I can feel it!"—J. McCracken, "New York" mag.

to Mr. Bing. Please let me know what I am going to do. If I'm not going to lose anything important, a new production, or a broadcast (leading singers get only \$25 extra for singing the Saturday afternoon broadcast, but it's tremendous publicity) and if you can replace me for the last twenty days of my option, why not let me sing in Covent Garden? Mr. Bing will now decide whether James McCracken will sing in Covent Garden. I don't have the choice. It's his choice.

Thursday, Feb. 27. I got the telegram from Bing this morning about my option. He is terribly sorry, but can't release me. There go the five *Turandots* at Covent Garden. Thanks, Mr. Bing.

McCracken returned to New York on March 13 to begin rehearsals for "Il Trovatore" at the Met. The end of the "Turandot" affair took place here.

New York, March 17. In the midst of the dueling rehearsal a call comes: Is Mr. McCracken in the opera house? Mr. Bing wants to see him immediately.

I walked up to his office and Bob Herman and Paul Jaretski were in attendance as always. And Mr. Bing said, "We have some things we want to talk to you about."

What they wanted to tell me was that there has been a big change in

their plans. It turns out that I could have said yes to Covent Garden. Mr. Bing said, "You can go ahead and sing *Turandot* at Covent Garden."

I said, "Well, I don't know if it's possible now."

Bing said, "We're not going to do *Otello* during that period."

I said, "That's nice, I didn't know you had planned to do it in the first place."

Bing said, "We'd be glad to release you during that twenty days."

I said, "Look, I'm not hard to get along with, but this is a little too much. Just ten days ago I could have had this contract with Covent Garden in my pocket and it's probably too late now."

Mr. Bing, expert par excellence at soothing irate tenors, outlined my schedule for the following two years and assured me my raise would make me the highest-paid tenor in the house.

"Just a moment," he said looking in a ledger, not wishing to make a horrendous error, "I'll verify that to make sure."

"Mr. Bing," I said, "do you really have to look in a book to know who your highest-paid singers are?"

After walking most of the way home because of lack of taxicabs, I fired off a telegram to the Royal Opera at Covent Garden: METROPOLITAN OPERA AND MR. BING HAVE CHANGED MINDS CAN SING FIVE TURANDOTS YOU PROPOSED IF STILL POSSIBLE TO ARRANGE.

March 18. It looks like I will get the five performances back. After all we're talking about two years from now. It should be possible to juggle dates back and forth that far in advance. But typical Bing. You know, his telegram to me was just: "No. We need you. We've got important performances for you." Which wasn't true at all.

March 21. The telegram came today from Covent Garden. They have been able to reschedule the *Turandots*, but there will be only four performances instead of the five originally offered. With this time lapse, I suppose they've managed to put in another performance of some other opera which cuts down on my contract and I'll only do four performances, which will cost me several thousand dollars. Thanks a lot, Mr. Bing.

Atlanta, May 13, during the Met's spring tour. Sandra and I are both singing tonight. It's three in the afternoon here, which means Sandra has already sung her first big scene. The opera starts in Vienna at seven o'clock. She'll

be finished in another hour. I know she's singing great. I can feel it. I would gladly trade this performance I'm singing tonight to be singing with Sandra in Vienna tonight. We have sung *Trovatore* in Vienna many times. Why Sandra is not singing here with the Met tonight is no mystery. I know exactly why. After my successful return in *Otello*, Mr. Bing offered me a virtually exclusive contract. If I had accepted it there would have been no trouble between us. The offer was not a bad offer and would have amounted to a lot of money over the years. Most people certainly would have taken it, myself included. But Sandra convinced me not to. Her reaction was, why should you give up everything in Europe after such a success? If you take Mr. Bing's offer you will be under his thumb and singing too much at the Metropolitan. Your European career will be all but over.

It's easy to see now that Sandra was right. I have sung every year since in Covent Garden and at the Vienna State Opera and now, almost eight years later, I'm still not old hat at the Metropolitan. But when I told Mr. Bing that I would not accept the contract, and told him what I wanted, a great distance was put between us. And he turned his back completely on Sandra.

By midsummer, 1969, the McCrackens had returned to their home in Zurich. Sandra had been given a Met contract to return as *Dalila* to Jim's Samson during the 1969-70 season—her first appearance at the house since 1957. But by August rumors were beginning to fly that the season might be threatened by a labor dispute.

Zurich, Aug. 18. Just talked to Mr. Bing. He was in such good spirits that I thought certainly the strike was over. Instead he told me that negotiations were at a standstill and that he had been called back to New York.

I only talked to him a minute. He told me he was guaranteeing my first month performance fees, and for this I was to sit tight. I was not to believe anything I heard or read in the papers. He said he was guaranteeing the fees of a number of distinguished artists, among whom he counted me.

I just spoke with the Metropolitan Opera doorman, who told me that there is absolutely no one there and that the opening night has been postponed, that this information was released to the newspapers several days ago. I told the doorman that I was calling from Switzerland and to please have someone contact me and fill me in on the developments. How could they have released to the press the postponement of the opening night, even before I'm supposed to be there

for rehearsals? It sounds ridiculous to me. I'm not supposed to be there for six more days. This must be what Mr. Bing meant when he told me I wasn't to believe anything I heard. So we'll go ahead with our plans as before and leave for New York on Tuesday.

Aug. 31. Received a telegram from John Gutman [assistant manager of the Met]. It was read to us over the phone this morning. It said: OPENING STILL AIDA WITH YOU RESERVE MR. BING WILL CALL TOMORROW.



James McCracken . . . tenor extraordinary! Now booking 1981-2 season (subject to Met Opera approval). "Distinguished . . . cheap at half the price! !!"—R. Bing.

Cos Cob, Conn., Sept. 29. Mr. Bing telephoned a few minutes ago while Sandra was at the store. He said he had been forced to send Sandra a telegram canceling her contract. He promised that if and when there is a settlement, he will reinstate the contract if he can. I hung up the phone. I was glad I got the call, not Sandra. I was also glad she wasn't there. It gave me time to figure out what to do. Finally I decided I had to tell her.

She came into the kitchen carrying a bag of groceries.

I said, "You're not to worry. I'm sure everything's going to be all right. Mr. Bing just called. He said he was sorry but he has had to send a telegram canceling your contract."

She didn't say a word.

I said, "Don't worry. It's only a legal technicality."

She put the bag down on the counter. After a moment she said, "There's another bag of groceries in the car."

Sept. 30. I asked Mr. Bing if, when the Met does open, *Aida* will still be the opening night opera. He said he didn't know. I asked him about the *Pagliacci* and the *Samson*. He said the *Pagliacci* was in greater danger of being canceled than the *Samson* because it came first. By this time the conversa-

tion had gotten so gloomy that I mentioned the book Sandra and I were writing.

I said, "It's a love story and you, by the way, are the villain."

He said, "That's all right. I'm used to it. I'm writing a book too. It's called *Singers and Other Beasts*."

Oct. 2. The *Manon* at the New York State Theater tonight was exactly what opera ought to be and seldom is: beautiful, believable theater. As an art form, it contains so many elements. Last night they all came together beautifully. You became involved with Michel Moele and Beverly Sills. They were Des Grieux and Manon. They were lovers, and you cared what happened to them.

I saw a lot of important people in the audience who might not ordinarily have been there. But since The New York City Opera Company is the only opera they can get to in New York, why the place was full of out-of-town critics and people from the record companies, so some good generally comes from something bad.

I'm not positive about this, but I suppose that the New York City Opera, right now, is the number two company in the country. San Francisco has a decent season, Chicago has a decent season—sometimes, when they're not on strike. There you have it—The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera, San Francisco, and Chicago. The Met season lasts about nine months. The City Opera has about five months. Chicago and San Francisco have somewhat less than that. And that's opera in America.

And if you ask how many opera companies we have in America, the total is staggering. Almost every city in America has an opera company—it's hard to believe, isn't it? But it's true. The fact that they do just one, two, or three performances a year is the sorry part. Some try hard to do good work; certainly Seattle is coming along, and Miami is coming along—doing good work, but just not enough of it. Towns the size of Miami and Seattle in Europe have full-time opera companies running complete seasons, doing marvelous opera. Santa Fe has a two-month summer festival. All of these places mentioned are always sold out, and opera is—or would seem to be—extremely popular. If a number of the opera companies around this country were able to have bigger seasons and prosper more readily with the Metropolitan Opera closed, I would almost be for it staying closed. But every town seems to need, or must have, a Metropolitan Opera singer as star before they can put on a performance, including San Francisco and Chicago, for the most part.

It would be difficult for me to go

## "Bing and I have talked over the last ten years; he's had about ten new mezzos while telling me there's no room for a mezzo."

back to Europe right now, and Sandra, too, because our friends would ask us both what happened, why did the Metropolitan Opera not open? The European doesn't understand, and will never understand, because in Europe in every little town there is a great group of singers who earn their living in the opera house with three-month paid vacations, with a pension plan, with a totally different setup than we have. Here in America we, who are singing at the Metropolitan, earn a great living—we leading singers—but what about the singers who aspire to this and must survive in the meantime? There's no place they can sing small or intermediate parts more than four or five or six performances a year. A young singer living in the South should be able to sing six months in New Orleans and six months in Miami, learn his trade and arrive in New York five years later a star singer. This is never going to happen in America.

**October 7. SANDRA:** The telegram canceling my contract has come in the mail. It really was very nice of Mr. Bing to have called to explain ahead.

I cared too many years. You can only care just so long and still live. It may be that Mr. Bing will replace these performances next season or the season after. But I don't have the feeling that it's ever going to happen. The push isn't going to come from me. It has to come from outside. I always felt that Mr. Bing finally gave me these performances after twelve years away from the Met just to assuage his own conscience. I assume he has one, although most people don't. In fact I feel sure he has one. There have been talks between us for the last nine or ten years and he's had about ten new mezzos in that time, all the while telling me he was terribly sorry, but he had no room for a mezzo.

So to me his telegram is the end of the dream of a lifetime. I don't see there's any use to go on dreaming.

**Oct. 31. JIM:** Appearing in the *New York Times* today, is an editorial entitled. DEATH OF THE MET.

As labor negotiations dragged on through the fall of 1969, Sandra and Jim filled in their lost dates with other hastily-booked appearances—a joint appearance in "Carmen" in Jackson, Miss., a joint concert in Miami, solo and dual appearances in Kansas City, Chicago, etc. Meanwhile, their contract was coming closer to sing at the Barcelona Opera.

**Dec. 9. En route to New York from Chicago.** We'll land in New York in about fifty minutes. We haven't got a clue whether we're on our way to Spain, or staying in good ol' New York.

I talked with Bing twice this morning from Chicago, and found out that the call to Spain (he's trying to get me out of my contract there) had still not come through and that there was still no official settlement between the Met and the unions. However, Bing now wants me to sing both opening night, Dec. 29, and the *Pagliacci* beginning January seventh.

Sandra's convinced I must stay in New York and do this even if I have to cancel Barcelona. She wants me badly to work with Zeffirelli, who is going to direct the *Pagliacci* after all.

As you can see, I'm having a lot of trouble with Sandra. My feeling is that I should play the same game I've always played. I should say to Mr. Bing, "Well, Mr. Bing, you still can't get yourself straightened away here, so I'm on my way to Spain." But Sandra says that I cannot throw away an opening night and a new production.

Sandra and I have been going around and around. She's sure that this is terribly important to my career—especially this *Pagliacci* at the Met—and I suppose it is, but I've built a career on fulfilling my contracts; when McCracken is supposed to sing somewhere you can count on it, and I hate putting anybody on the spot like this. In my thinking I may be doing wrong even to ask Spain to release me from this *Otello* and *Samson* contract.

Also, as I told Sandra this morning, right after our conversation with Bing, I have made a career in New York by having much to do in Europe. And I'm somehow working against myself now by trying so hard to be available for Mr. Bing. I've never done this before. I'm not surprised that Mr. Bing wants me that badly—after all I was supposed to do it originally, and he would like to present as many original casts as possible. What I'm surprised at is that I want Bing so badly. Barcelona is a big town in opera, but it's not New York. Mr. Bing has the opera house in New York.

Later that day, *Riverside, Conn.* We're sitting here at the Daleys. Our daughter Ahna has called and said that Mr. Bing is trying to reach me. She's given him Bob's number. So I'll know within a few minutes whether I'm to sing in New York or Spain, and what's

happening. I'm going to sign off now and think about what to tell Bing when he calls.

Bing was very unhappy to tell me that the man in Barcelona, although he was awfully nice, could not release me from my contract. Mr. Bing said he could certainly understand this and I suppose he can, being in the position he's in. The man told him that I was the main attraction of the Barcelona season and there was no way that they could do *Otello* or *Samson* and *Dalila* without me. And so this is what Mr. Bing heard from Barcelona and we've got to get on the phone and redo our plane tickets and get cracking with the packing.

Sandra is sitting over there in tears. She hasn't got the faith she should have that opening night at the Met, and a new production will all happen to me again very soon.

**SANDRA:** Faith I have, but it did take seven years to get a new production and an opening night. Please turn back to page one and see what a farce this whole book is. We didn't get anything this year that was listed on page one. We didn't get the opening night for Jim, he didn't get his new production that he's been waiting for, we didn't sing *Samson* and *Dalila* together, and I didn't make my re-debut at the Met. Other than that, everything is all right. And as Jim says, there are a lot of "other than that's" too. Jim says he has somehow a suspicion that this is all for the best. Now how could he have that particular suspicion? Maybe he knows something that I don't.

**JIM:** In the conversation that just ended with Mr. Bing, I got a little bit bitter towards the end and I'm sure he noticed. I asked, "Has it been settled and will you really open?" And he said they're still holding out, still playing games with each other. Had agreement come just a few days ago, I might very well have been able to open the Met. And so I said to Mr. Bing, "Well I hope they're enjoying themselves." But for that second I was on Mr. Bing's team. He's as unhappy as I am.

**Dec. 14.** We're sitting in Kennedy Airport waiting to take off for Spain. It's snowing very hard out and the plane is delayed. They settled the strike at the Metropolitan Opera last night; a thousand people will be back on the payroll in time for Christmas, which is wonderful. The Met will open Dec. 29 with *Aida* starring Leontyne Price. No tenor has been named, but it won't be James McCracken.



We hate to give up a single day on which to enjoy Teacher's Highland Cream.

After all, some of Teacher's finest hours have been on Friday and Saturday.

But in our zeal to call attention to the uniquely mellow flavour of this classic Scotch, we hit upon

Tuesday as the official day to savour Teacher's.

Meaning that all other days are out.

If you are driven by sheer desperation to disregard this directive, please don't let us know.

It will be far better for both of us.

**Tuesday,  
and only Tuesday,  
is the day to  
drink Teacher's  
Scotch.**



# BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places and phenomena of particular interest this week

Edited by Ellen Stock



## Shirt-Sighted

Crop Rotation is the name of a new company made up of a fashion illustrator, a photographer, a letterer and an advertising designer. In their spare time, the young artists create clothes, prints and unique games. Best bet is a fine collection of one-of-a-kind "fabric collages"—cotton shirts, from Mexico and Brooks Brothers, decorated with military patches, antique fringe, velvet from old dresses, WW II patches, feathers (detachable for cleaning), neckties and scarves from the thirties, ribbons, buttons and butterflies (\$35-\$50). CROP ROTATION/989-6855

## Sounding Off

A number of ex-Time Inc. people grace the editorial staff of *On the Sound*, an informative new monthly aimed at the residents of Long Island Sound and environs. "It's as much a commuter's magazine as a boater's or conservationist's magazine," says editor Roy Rowan, late of *Life*. Contributors are winter and/or summer neighbors, including Helen Gurley Brown and Alan Jay Lerner.

"ON THE SOUND"/Box 791, Port Chester, New York/\$2 an issue, \$12 a year



## Up From the Sty

It has been three years since off-Broadway audiences lined up to wallow in *Futz*, the play about pig-loving that won Rochelle Owens an Obie. This year, Miss Owens tries again, with *Istanbul*. The new work is set in fifteenth-century Constantinople, concerns two couples who have traveled there from Normandy, stars Greek actress Despo (above) as St. Mary of Egypt, and is full of lust and murder. More we could not ask.

"ISTANBOUL"/Now previewing/Opens February 8/Actors Playhouse



## Bargain of the Week

*The Yellow Rolls-Royce*, a movie which opened and closed with little ado in 1965, had plenty of stars (Ingrid Bergman, Rex Harrison, Alain Delon, George C. Scott, Jeanne Moreau, Omar Sharif and Shirley MacLaine) and a fair amount of action, most of which happened in, around and because of a yellow 1932 Phantom II Sedan de Ville. The 6,160-pound dream car was originally owned by an indulged European, who received it on his twenty-first birthday. The interior (with bar and telephone) was then re-upholstered by M-G-M, and seven new tires were made from 1930 molds. Now you can buy it from its current owner, one Ted Mintz, complete with Italian, Austrian and English license plates. Mintz is asking \$35,000—a steal, considering how much Judy Garland's ruby slippers went for at last year's Culver City auction. Besides, where else can you buy a movie star these days for \$5.68 a pound?

THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE/\$35,000/Ted Mintz/(203) 387-0605 evenings

## A Whitman Sampler

Until Alden Whitman came along, the *Times*' obituaries were eulogies: no quotes, no human failings, just plain dull. "Nobody had any problems in his life, and you didn't feel he was a flesh-and-blood person," says Whitman.

Since he became chief obituary writer six years ago, Whitman has been turning out about 40 obits a year—most of them in advance. These days, he's working on Castro: "A man about whom there is enormous controversy, a man not in good odor in the United States. It's difficult to write about him because if you say something construed as good, you're going to be stepping on a lot of bunions."

Whitman is a craftsman, not a ghoul. However, he admits, once he has written someone off, he tends to regard him as already dead. When he gets out of the city room—and out of town—it's usually to interview upcoming obituees, as he did recently when he saw Nabokov, his favorite novelist, in Montreux ("The man is like an onion," says Whitman. "You can peel a little off and there's always some onion-ness left"). He tells subjects that he's "preparing a profile against the day when it will be necessary to use it . . . or some such circumlocution as that."

*The Obituary Book* is a collection of Whitman's 37 most deathless obits from the *Times*. They are superbly written, reflecting prodigious research and keen perspective. He is courtly (T. S. Eliot's "ascetic austerity drew the line at gin rummy, which he delighted to play of an evening") and has a fine sense of timing ("Pink . . . was the signature color of the jar and covers for Elizabeth Arden products. She once halted production on a jar because the color was not exactly right. The step cost \$100,000, but she regarded that as a trifle. Even Elizabeth Arden press releases were mimeographed on pink paper. Unaccountably, they arrived at newspaper offices in plain brown envelopes").

In his comprehensive introduction, Whitman explains who merits a major obit ("either the unassailably famous or the utterly infamous") and how to go about preparing one.

"THE OBITUARY BOOK"/Alden Whitman/Stein and Day/\$7.95



"La Guardia Civil,"  
from W. Eugene Smith's 1950 photo essay "A Spanish Village,"  
part of the current exhibit at the Jewish Museum

## Best Bits

"Let Truth Be the Prejudice": a splendid 400-print show of W. Eugene Smith's photo essays (e.g., at left) on everything from Albert Schweitzer to the Ku Klux Klan. Through April 4 at the Jewish Museum. . . . For ailurophiles: 450 elite cats and kittens will preen at the Empire Cat Club Show. The tailless Manx, Sable Burmese, the Korat (sacred good-luck cat of Thailand) and, best of all, the pussyfooting General Beaugard of Ophir, trained to use a toilet rather than a litter box. February 6-7 at the Hotel New Yorker. . . . An abridged day inside Bucks County Prison in Doylestown, Pennsylvania via *Prison*, a teeth-gritting documentary not to be missed. February 8 at 9 p.m., Channel 13. . . . "The Educated Woman: Roles, Contributions, Status and Image," a seminar at the City University Graduate Center, Room 207, 33 West 42nd Street. February 5 at 7 p.m. And, at 8 p.m., in the Music Studio at the same place, Bert's boy John Lahr expounds on "The Belch After the Banquet: Problems of Theater Criticism."

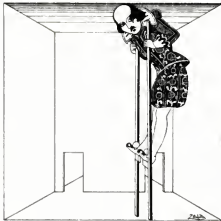
# Theater/John Simon

## BARDICIDE

"... Mindful of his success with *Marat/Sade*, Peter Brook has turned the fools that the *Dream's* mortals be into maniacs . . ."

Peter Brook is a clever fellow. He is an adept of the mystic art of eclecticism, having spirited away insights from everywhere, from Artaud to Zen, and from just about every avant-garde or exotic theater that has caught his frenzied eye. But he is also full of bright ideas of his own, some of which superficially apply to the play or film he is directing, and some of which are applied to it with hammer and tongs. His present production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is drawn chiefly from his two currently favorite mentors: Jan Kott, the Polish critic, who sees *Dream* as Shakespeare's most erotic play, and one in which the eroticism is expressed in almost unparalleled brutality; and Jerzy Grotowski, the Polish director, one of whose ideals is the sacrificial offering of what men prefer to hide. Small wonder, then, that this "fond pageant" emerges here black as the pit from Pole to Pole.

On the surface, to be sure, all is light enough. The entire play takes place in a shining white box set with catwalks all around the top whence the offstage actors watch the stage action, or manipulate such gismos as wire coils at the ends of rods, which become the trees of the forest. There are also four ladders or poles leading from catwalk to stage, up and down which the actors can climb like monkeys or slide like firemen. The costumes are for the most part rudimentary, from Puck's harlequin outfit to the lovers' tie-dyed mod glad-rags, and the fairies disport themselves on trapezes or in swings (Puck even on a circus rope), while Titania's couch is a huge red feather on which she is sometimes hoisted into mid-air. The magic flower is a spinning silver plate that Oberon and Puck pass on to each other from juggling wand to wand (sometimes dropping it in the process—whether for comic effect or out of clumsiness remains uncertain, as it does with other questionable japes with which the production is littered); the lesser sprites wear about colored plastic tubes; at various times every kind of projectile flies across or litters the stage, from silver and blue tinfoil planes to chopped-up paper plates. On the catwalk, two mu-



sicians elicit outlandish noises from electronic instruments, another walks through the play strumming a Flamen-co guitar; the fairies sometimes erupt into an Indian raga or rock concert.

There are innumerable gimmicks derived from the circus, the variety act, or the orgy. Others come from Oriental theater or strictly from hunger, like Brook's idea to have the performers portraying Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate and Egeus double as Oberon, Titania, Puck and Quince. For the Egeus-Quince doubling I can see no conceivable excuse, especially since the actor in question would be awful enough in unicate. The other duplications are supposed to suggest, I dare say, the equivalence of the human and spirit worlds, something that Shakespeare has done brilliantly enough without this gross underscoring, which merely results in making us disbelieve everything we see. The dazzling white set, furthermore, makes it rather hard for us to see at all, and, like other eclipses, Peter Brook's is best watched through smoky glass. The set, a Grotowskian environment, might be taken for a hospital room, but there is a helpful hint in Brook's little book, *The Empty Space* (yes, there are books in babbling Brooks). We read there, "A true image of necessary theater-going . . . is a psychodrama session in an asylum." Brook, mindful also of his success with *Marat/Sade*, has turned the fools that these mortals (and immortals) be into maniacs.

The underlying "idea" is twofold.

First, as in Brook's celebrated *Lear*, depoeiticize everything. Sure, the lines are all there, and in the second half, where Brook runs out of gags (when worst comes to worst, he can always depant one of his artisans, and the fat Snug is twice stripped to mini-briefs cut from a Union Jack) you can even hear some of the poetry. But only hear, not feel it: for the actors seem all chosen for their below-average to bad looks, their lower-class accents, their generally staid or stodgy delivery sometimes lapsing into inaudibility, and, in two cases, for mincing, fipping effeminacy. This, presumably, is bringing Shakespeare closer to the people. The obverse of this base coin is to introduce a ludicrous, oafish, often cruel sexuality into the play, whereby a good many love scenes are played with someone spread-eagled, pinioned, and gasping in his or her lover's stranglehold. This is meant to make the play tough, harsh, gloomily appropriate to contemporary living. Indeed, toward the end, when the play becomes particularly jocular and airy, Brook uses several devices to cast a pall over it and drag it into the vicinity of *Measure for Measure* and the "dark" comedies.

These and many more twistings and distortions can serve only two purposes. One would be, I guess, to rejuvenate an old warhorse by giving it a contemporary coloring, while, ostensibly, sticking to the printed text. This is sometimes funny—as would be an operatic aria played on pots and pans, and it may even draw fools, children and thrill-seekers into the theater—but it is so over the poet-dramatist's dead, dishonored and unrecognizable body. Spoken in such a context, lines do not come to new life; we are merely tickled by the strange discords, the cunning weirdness, the *dépaysement* of it all. And instead of being allowed to savor Shakespeare's genius, we are forced to admire Brook's cleverness, which is the second, and more plausible, purpose of the operation. At the end, I was tempted to shout "Author!" but doubt that Brook would have had the decency to take a bow for this palpable-gross play with which he hath well beguiled the gullible. ■



## Music/Alan Rich

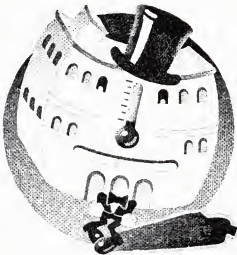
# THE LORDLY LANDLORD

"Carnegie is busier now than before Lincoln Center was built, not from sentiment but because it's a better place for music."

The extraordinary concerts that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau gave here last month were presented, I hope you noticed, not by Hurok or CAMI or those other big managers, but by Carnegie Hall itself. Since this is the tenth year of operation of the Carnegie Hall Corporation—formed shortly after the citizens' group led by Isaac Stern saved the hall from demolition—I've been looking for some excuse to wish the organization a proper Happy Birthday, and those concerts are as good an excuse as any.

Carnegie was not only saved as a building, it was also recreated as a major cultural force in the city. The magnitude of the act of saving the hall has increased over the years, since it is obvious that Philharmonic Hall, even after those extra millions spent on remodeling its interior, is and always will be an acoustic and esthetic failure. The immediate result of this has been that Carnegie now does more booking business than it did in any year before Lincoln Center was started. That is no longer explainable merely as the result of sentiment; it simply is a better place for music. Its discomforts are as bad as they used to be; going to a concert on a cold night is a trial because there needs to be another set of insulating doors between the auditorium and the outdoor air; the lobby space is skimpy; its café serves the worst and most overpriced coffee in town. (Do, however, try the remodeled and vastly improved Carnegie Tavern on the 56th Street corner.) But these drawbacks are far outweighed by the elegance of the setting and the sound.

Carnegie has become, under Julius Bloom's direction, far more than a nice place to go for a concert. As a producer of musical events it is probably the most adventurous organization in town; only the concert bureau of Hunter College, which operates with a far smaller budget, comes close to it in this regard. The success of its landlорdly operations enables it to take a certain number of chances with its own programming. The Fischer-Dieskau concerts sold out, of course, but few of its other programs do, and some of them—the Visiting Orchestra festival,



for example—are expensive. Why this remarkable series isn't better attended—especially since Bloom has been badgering the out-of-town orchestras to bring in something more stimulating than the old bread-and-butter programming—is something I find depressing and hard to understand.

The interesting thing about Carnegie Hall as a producing agent is that Bloom and his group have succeeded in just the area that Lincoln Center has failed. At its founding, Lincoln Center was all het up on its plans to be a major cultural force in the city and across the land. The only thing was that almost every time it went into the producing business it got burned. Lately, under new and more realistic leadership, it has finally started doing what it should have been doing all along. Its "New and Newer Music" series at Tully Hall this season, for example, is as good as... as good as the Carnegie Hall "Evenings for New Music" series that has been going on in the little Recital Hall for years.

There is no need, of course, to dredge up the mistakes and misdeeds of Lincoln Center to underscore the good deeds of Carnegie Hall, since the latter speak for themselves. But, at a time when the existence of a musical culture in this country is threatened by lack of money and a dwindling of both quality and quantity in concert audiences, it is certainly gratifying to see an organization as active as Car-

negie Hall expanding its scope, willing to experiment with music that may not yet be to everyone's taste, working (through its affiliation with the international Jeunesse Musicale program) to increase the participation of young people in our musical life... in general, acting like a responsible institution willing to look beyond the fast buck. There are few enough agencies in our city of which that can be said.

Just a few quick notes on recent concerts I feel like remembering. Daniel Barenboim's four weeks with the Philharmonic were further evidence of this fine young musician's continual growth. He told me recently that he has no intention of choosing between a pianist's and conductor's career, and I see no reason why he should. His work in both areas has like qualities: a breathtaking recklessness at times, an absolute mastery over the total shape of a piece, a fine, pliant, communicative sense of phrasing. The Philharmonic played for him with respect, and the summits of his visit were a smashing performance of the Tchaikovsky Fourth, no holds barred, and the beautiful, supple framework that he fashioned for Janet Baker's miraculous singing of Berlioz' *Les Nuits d'Été*.

The Handel Society's revival of the opera *Orlando* in Carnegie Hall was something of a disaster. Bad enough that the cast was almost totally ill-chosen (the stylish and lovely work of Carol Bogard excepted) and that I am still not convinced that Rosalind Elias, who botched the title role, belongs on any stage. But there is simply no excuse these days for the kind of work Stephen Simon did at the podium. There was a time, when the baroque style was just being rediscovered, that any minor time-beater could charm an audience just with the newness of the music. But we know about Handel now, and a man who spends an evening counting threes and fours in front of an orchestra, doesn't once make an attempt to bring singers and accompaniment together in any sort of balance... oh, hell, you finish the sentence; I'm too annoyed at the waste of it all.

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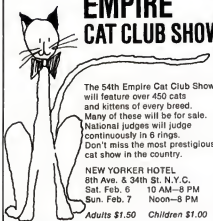
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## Galleries & Museums/John Gruen

# BEYOND CRITICISM

**Byobu:** Japanese Screens from New York Collections (Asia House, 112 East 64th). Exhibitions at Asia House provide the New York public with the sort of inner repose no other gallery seems able to conjure. It is not merely a question of the art exhibited—singular and enriching as it invariably is—but a question of atmosphere. Chaos seems to drop away the moment one enters Asia House, and these days, the muted space of its galleries has been transformed into settings resembling porches of Japanese houses, made austere resplendent by the presence of a variety of ravishing screens dating from the late sixteenth to the mid-nineteenth centuries.

Byobu is the term applied to Japanese folding screens. Created by some of the greatest Japanese screen painters of their period, these works offer sublime entry into sensibilities attuned to the monochromatic beauty of the Oriental landscape, and to the vast riches of Oriental legend and history. Criticism becomes inconsequential in the face of these masterworks. A critic can merely point to them as expressive phenomena able to convey feelings, let alone subject matter, with a simplicity and logic quite beyond the realms of simple analysis. A brilliant catalogue written by Miyeko Murase is of enormous help.

Alfred Kubin (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave.): The art of Alfred Kubin (1877-1959) is not well-known in America, but this show of drawings and watercolors should remedy this lack. Kubin, an artist of dark and brooding complexity, lived most of his life in a small castle in the mountainous regions of upper Austria. There he produced literally thousands of remarkable drawings most of which centered on nightmare visions à la Blake and Fuseli—strange, Surrealist images of fearful animals and humans caught within the dense webwork of an obsessively demonic style. These possessed works found themselves reproduced as illustrations of more than 100 books, some by writers such as E. T. A. Hoffmann, Dostoevsky, and Strindberg. The drawings, though invariably charged with mystery and madness, have about them the immediacy and life that could transform subject matter into art. Kubin was not merely an illustrator. His art, unique and terrifying, transcended the uses to which it was put. A fascinating show.

**Richard Anuszkiewicz** (Janis, 6 W. 57th): While the predictables of An-



Kubin: "Adoration" at Sabarsky Gallery

uszkiewicz's style are more than present in his current show, they have been heightened by a new and gorgeously controlled use of color. From a spectrum of burning, primary colors, the artist has moved into delicate pastel shades—languid mauves, trembling azures, silken pinks. The effect of these subtle shadings upon his optical striations is extremely felicitous, for it brings into subtle play a purer manipulation of light—a moister, softer, overall radiance not seen in his earlier works. There are very large paintings on view, and these have a special elegance, creating an aura of particular calm and beauty. The abstract shapes continue as before, with added variations. Anuszkiewicz has reached a plateau of unusual mastery with this exhibition.

**Bruno Lucchesi** (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave.): Lucchesi, the Italian-born sculptor, offers a series of terra cotta reliefs and in-the-round sculpture celebrating familiar, everyday scenes. These are produced with great technical brio, and a charming, always engaging warmth. Everywhere, a loving and experienced hand bestows life to figures in mundane poses—mothers holding their babies, peasants gesticulating to one another, seated nudes, snoozing priests, et al. The past is consciously recaptured as echoes of Gothic and Renaissance styles are consistently sought out. Lucchesi's special gift is to make his stylistic transpositions believable. His work has grace and substance, and it brings into sharpest focus the possibilities of successfully working within the dual framework of the distant past and the immediate present.

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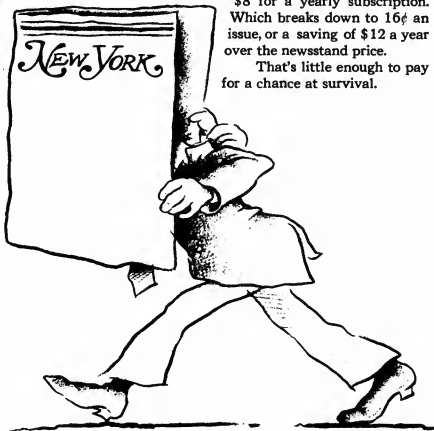
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## Movies/Judith Crist

# SLOPPY SECONDS

“Three of the week’s new films are unofficial remakes that show the poverty and pure gall of some contemporary movie-making.”

It’s derivation time—and sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn’t, just like old Lodge Skins’ magic. When enormous talents are involved—like those of William Shakespeare and Jules Feiffer and Alan Arkin and a young Frenchman named Jean-Louis Bertucelli—the odds and omens are favorable; when it’s money and monkey-see, trash and disaster result.

To get the last and least out of the way, let’s note that three of the week’s new films, *Say Hello to Yesterday*, *Doctors’ Wives* and *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*, are unofficial remakes of *Brief Encounter*, *The Chapman Report* (or *Dr. Kildare Gets the Clap* or *The Internes Meet Sex*) and *Darling*, derivative up-dates that illustrate nothing more than the poverty and pure gall of some contemporary movie-making minds.

*Say Hello to Yesterday* has, in fact, been described by its co-author and director, Alvin Rakoff, as “1970 *Brief Encounter*, with no morals or messages—unless the public wants to find them.” Neither morals nor messages nor an iota of credibility can be found in this frenetic, pretentious pap or is worth looking for or at, unless (even as we) you just like to feast your eyes on Jean Simmons. But she, lovely lady, is trapped: a well-to-do suburban housewife off to a day’s shopping, she is set upon by Leonard Whiting, as a sort of cutesy-poo 22-year-old working-class Puck in mod clothing. He has promised himself to “climb Mt. Everest”—i.e. bed Miss Simmons—to celebrate his birthday. They chase each other on foot, on buses, in taxis, over all of London before landing in bed and then she’s off for home while he flies balloons and a song says that today ought to be a balloon that flies away to *Say Hello to Yesterday*. (This is the year of big philosophical concepts, like saying you’re sorry doesn’t mean love, or vice versa, which has kept us brooding, especially since Erich Segal is off in Tokyo pushing his movie and lecturing to the natives on “Young Love in America”—which tells you something about the greening of Yale’s faculty.)

Whiting, whom you may recall as Zeffirelli’s Romeo, is so fey he sets your teeth on edge in seven seconds flat;

how Miss Simmons tolerates him, let alone beds him, surpasses understanding. Miss Simmons keeps saying she’s much too old for Whiting, although the way she scrambles around playground apparatus and dashes along miles of street qualifies her for the 1972 Olympic track team. She also says things like “Dreams are only dreams.” Whiting says things like “I don’t fancy being a middle-aged teenager.” To hell with today. *They’re* the balloons, belaboring each other and the audience with hot air. And any resemblance to the 1946 *Brief Encounter* is strictly in Mr. Rakoff’s book of memories—or ego trip.

*Doctors’ Wives* is so trashily awful a movie that it would be worth the wallow for those who love the sight of blood. Here you can see in unsparing detail, on wide screen and in glorious Eastman Color, open heart surgery—and if you get back from the bar! room in time you can even get a little brain surgery in around finale time. Sex? Shucks, Lew Ayres and Van Johnson had it racier under Lionel Barrymore’s stern eye 30 years ago. Not, mind you, that the Daniel Taradash adaptation of Frank G. Slaughter’s novel is epicene. He presents us with five wives the A.M.A. should sue over: Dyan Cannon is a sex maniac who gets about six minutes on screen talking dirty before she’s lying there nude on top of Dr. George Gaynes in *flagrant* shot dead by her hubby, Dr. John Colicos; Janice Rule is frigid and takes morphine to jazz up her gonads to lure hubby Richard Crenna, who performs the heart surgery on Gaynes but during his off hours is having hot sex with Diana Sands, who’s the head nurse whose small son gets the brain surgery, with Colicos taken from his prison suite to operate; Marian McCargo, whose hubby is Gaynes, wants to get pregnant so she has matinees with internes; Cara Williams is an alcoholic because she’s divorced from Dr. Carroll O’Connor and sex starved, and Rachel Roberts is uptight and plays golf and gets alienated from her psychiatrist hubby Dr. Gene Hackman who beats her with a newspaper when she confides she’s that-awful because Dyan Cannon, the sex

maniac, once kissed her shoulder.

Anyway, Colicos blackmails the doctors for money and into an escape plot (or he won’t operate on the little black boy, see) but Ralph Bellamy, Dyan’s non-medical multi-millionaire dad, comes to the rescue. And then there’s a girl medical student who’s tape-recording her sex life, and the interne who gets the clap—well, all this and bloody surgery too! It sure does beat pornography. And isn’t it nice that M.J. Frankovitch, the hitherto reputable producer, and director George Schaefer, the kultur-dispenser to television (*Macbeth*, *Victoria Regina*, *Pygmalion*, *Inherit the Wind*, *Green Pastures*—such nice respectable fare for the masses!), as director of this stuff, will probably make a mint out of such succulent offal. Medicare, anyone, or a Taradash lecture on “Married Love in America”?

As to *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*—well, anyone with the gall to reach back only to 1965 and attempt to redo *Darling* (right down to the autobiographical-interview framework), whose perfections you can re-examine on local television any week, deserves every odious comparison he gets. This marks the directorial debut of fashion photographer Jerry Schatzberg (indeed, the film is as static, boringly camp-elegante and fatuous as a stack of flop issues of *Vogue*) and the second screenplay for Adrian Joyce (indeed, it makes us re-estimate the contribution director Bob Rafelson must have made even to the script of *Five Easy Pieces*, her first effort). Faye Dunaway portrays the small-town girl who comes to the *haut monde* to become an *haute* fashion model; she is to the beauty bit born, but dramatically—well, the role requires her to evolve from near-psychotic to psychotic and back and Miss Dunaway doesn’t quite dent the monotony of the trip. This is a hairy Americanization of *Darling*, with Barry Primus as the Old Faithful (no Dirk Bogarde he), Roy Scheider as a poor-man’s version of the bastardly Laurence Harvey character, and Viveca Lindfors and Barry Morse as about the only near-humans on the scene as a woman fashion photographer and her psychiatrist-husband. Mr. Schatzberg’s



problem evidently is that neither he nor, therefore, we can see the people for the pretty pictures he puts them into—and pretty pictures do not a movie make.

What, then, of a remake of Julius

drama, capturing remarkably the tight quarters of the Forum, the seething simmering cloddish masses, the horror of the assassination to both killers and victim, the sweep and terror of the wars, the cruel manipulation of power and politics. He has taken a pragmatic

Little Murders is, too. Derived from the Broadway and off-Broadway productions, this film, with brilliant screenplay by Feiffer and matching direction by Alan Arkin and a cast that almost outshines them both, is the quintessential comment on our human and/or



Caesar, last done on film so satisfyingly by Joe Mankiewicz in 1953 under the star-studded aegis of M-G-M so that not only was Louis Calhern Caesar, John Gielgud Cassius, James Mason Brutus and Marlon Brando Antony but also Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson were bit-playing as Portia and Calpurnia? Mankiewicz's version, an edited one, is still a stunner in its close-up techniques, its emphasis on poetry and personality providing a permanent glitter to the beauty of its small-scene (and screen) composition. The new *Julius Caesar*, adapted by Robert Farnham and directed by Stuart Burge, the director of Olivier's memorable *Othello*, is a worthy complement, providing the spectacle its predecessor lacked and fascinating in its own interpretations.

This time Gielgud is Caesar, an aging, ailing tyrant, vanity in his every denial thereof, a pompous politician who qualifies for the diverse oratorical estimates of his character. And the succulent role of Cassius—how easily this can become his play in the hands of an expert!—is stunningly filled by Richard Johnson, who walks off with his every scene. Just as Gielgud did in his time, so Johnson creates a man clever enough to see his own tragedy, and his final moments awaken the fullest compassion. Charlton Heston is excellent as Antony (his funeral oration is Heston's finest screen performance in memory—and its staging a masterly study in mob manipulation); Robert Vaughn is, somehow, surprisingly, outstandingly good as Casca; Diana Rigg and Jill Stewart give juice to the wives of Brutus and Caesar, and Richard Chamberlain, beardless and blond and much prettier than as Tchaikovsky, is nice to look at as Octavian. The one casting flaw—a major one, alas—is of Jason Robards as Brutus; Robards seems to be reading his lines haphazardly off a teleprompter and is neither the orator nor man of sensitivity and conscience for all his glum looks and monotone of pseudo-anguish.

Burge emphasizes scene and melo-

view even of the poetry; his is a virile drama of men making the most of their moments and making the world move with them.

Another derivation—from the pure ethnic documentary of the Flaherty school—emerges as a work of art. Jean-Louis Bertucelli's *Ramparts of Clay*, based on Jean DuVignaud's book of a Tunisian community, *Chebika*, is the story of a 19-year-old girl in a southern Tunisian village, a girl who observes the life and ritual of her community, who reaches for liberation and finally frees herself. It is a near-silent film about silent people who eloquently move through their lives with an inner resolution and self-determination. It emerges as half-legend-half-balled on film, a stirring glimpse of an alien culture made familiar and meaningful by the relevance of all that occurs.

The film was actually made in Te-houda, Algeria, with only one actress, Leila Schenna, a girl of breathtaking primitive beauty, and one actor, who portrays the city man who employs the men of the village that lies between the salt hills and the desert. All the rest are villagers who go about their living, fulfilling the drama that enters their community when two social workers come for statistics, a camel-borne nomadic clan comes to use the well and, for the village's crisis, the city paymaster of the rock company cuts the men's wages. The sit-down strike that ensues and its ramifications bring the girl's life to a turning point.

This is the rare film that brings the exotic to us in everyday terms that bring empathy. Here ritual animal slaughter or superstitious blood rites neither horrify nor revolt us, so completely are we drawn into the community. The beauty of even the harsh and unrewarding earth, the clustered living, the unspoken communications of the village elders, the questioning and receptive eyes of the young—all are exquisite to experience. *Ramparts of Clay* is a film to absorb and savor.

family relationships, our way of coping with the horrors around us and the little killings that we commit every moment of the day. It is a mad movie—insane and angry and devastatingly funny and comically devastating, simple and sophisticated in its aim and on target in its every concept. It's the culmination of the Strangelove-McCloud consideration of contemporary society, with the Swiftian realization that, given the alternatives of screaming with terror or laughing at the incredibility of it all, the sane remnant must turn to laughter. And how piercing—of mind and soul—Feiffer's laughter is!

The company on hand is expert. Elliott Gould is back at acting again as Alfred, the apathist who is on the verge of finding some beauty in life but settles for violent madness. He is perfectly matched by Marcia Rodd, as the all-American happiness girl on the hunt for that "big strong vital self-assured man that I can protect and take care of." Hers is a lovely debut! Her family is excellently portrayed by the come-and-get-it Mom of Elizabeth Wilson, the what'll-it-be Pop of Vincent Gardenia, the bisexual obnoxious of Brother, Jon Korkes. Doris Roberts and John Randolph do a remarkable duet as Alfred's parents, who've read and can quote every book on the child-psychic schedule but can remember nothing about their own son (new characters added for the film by Feiffer), and Donald Sutherland, Lou Jacobi and Alan Arkin do stunning bits as, respectively, a mod minister, an up-from-poverty judge and a paranoid cop.

Gould and Jack Brodsky have teamed up for this production—and it is obviously a personal film on the part of everyone involved. This is Arkin's first feature and proves his talents behind the camera match those he shows out front. He offers justification for every star's longing to direct. He's done it—beautifully. *Little Murders* is, of course, that ultimate derivation—the result of the talents of all concerned.



The Lively Arts/Max Wilk

# THE CAESAREAN BIRTH OF 'NANETTE'

"... 'Here's a dummy lyric,' I said, '*Picture you upon my knee, with tea for two and two for tea.* I'll write a real one later.'..."

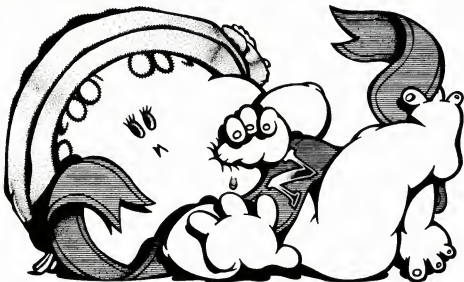
Okay, everybody, places for the happy ending. *No, No, Nanette*, songs by Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Otto Harbach and Irving Caesar, opened at the 46th Street Theater in mid-January, and ever since the mail orders have been piling up, the theater party ladies have been wrestling each other for preferred dates, and after 46 years, lovely *Nanette* is up there onstage again, singing and dancing her way into your heart, making audiences happy and scalpers rich.

(And as the end titles come up, that hysterical sound you hear over the singers and dancers is Selma Rubin, who went for the whole bundle, laughing all the way to her bank.)

"Of course it had to be a hit!" belovs Irving Caesar. The man who predicted, back in 1924, that day would break and she'd awake and start to bake a sugar cake for him to take for all the boys to see (one, two, three, four and go!) beams cheerfully through a cloud of cigar smoke. "If a thing is great once, it never ages. *Nanette* has always been great—it's been playing somewhere ever since it opened, Europe, South America. The whole secret was to recreate it, exactly as it was. Update it? Ridiculous. Would you update Shakespeare, or Verdi, or get somebody in to revise St. Peter's Dome? Nonsense! Updating is always done by contemporaries, with ego problems."

"You know why *Nanette* works today?" Caesar demands, somewhat rhetorically, stretched out on his Barcalounger in his Brill Building office. "It's the Big Pendulum—*taste*, and friend, when that starts to swing, don't try fighting it. Here it comes, swinging back from all the rock music and the strobe lights and raggedy kids and the nudity. Here's a show where the old man takes his wife and up on the stage there's music and pretty people and tap dancing, and he's sitting there telling himself, 'This is one those damn kids of ours are going to see—and they'll enjoy it, or else!'" Caesar beams. "This is a camp backlash!"

The lyricist, who admits to 75, and whose path down Broadway is punctuated by cries of "Hiya, Oivin!" from friends and ancient street-people who



put the touch on him regularly, is blessed with total recall. "Sure, this whole revival is like a show libretto," he agrees. "Who'd know that better than I? But *Nanette* and me—the whole thing was always crazy."

Young Irving was standing outside the old Friars Club, on 48th Street, on a balmy spring evening in 1924. "Waiting for the afternoon poker game to start. I was a kid, but I was doing all right. Songs in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, and I'd had 'Swanee' with my friend George Gershwin, so I had plenty of money for cards and horses. Then Otto Harbach came along. Wanted to know what I was doing. I couldn't tell him I was waiting for a card game, so I let him walk me over to the theater where Harry Frazee had *Nanette* in rehearsal. 'You know, Irving, maybe you could give us a couple of extra lyrics,' Otto said. 'Youmans and I are running dry, and we could use a little help.'"

"Vincent and I went home that night, and in about ten minutes I wrote 'You Can Dance With Any Girl at All'—I can write very fast when it hits me, sometimes lousy, sure, but always fast. What the hell, Gershwin and I wrote 'Swanee' in about eleven minutes flat!

"Then, the next night, we wrote 'Too Many Rings Around Rosie'—working with Youmans it was like with Gershwin. There was inspiration in just be-

ing around the guy. Little by little, I supplanted all the lyrics except for a couple of Harbach's.

"Now we come to the crazy part. We open in Detroit. Disaster. The show dies. Five thousand the first week. Four thousand the second. Harry Frazee, who probably never drew a sober breath in his life, but was a hell of a producer, didn't get upset. Why should he? He never looked at the show. But he knew how to produce. He got hold of me and Youmans and said, 'You guys write me a big hit for the second act by tomorrow, or I'm sending for McCarthy and Tierney.' They were hot—they'd just written *Rio Rita*, so we didn't want them to take over. I got hold of Youmans, and we met the next morning in the dining room of the Statler, where they had a piano on the bandstand. The waiters were setting up the tables for a Rotary luncheon. We're up there, working away against time—Detroit's a town where people eat early. Would you believe it, we had 'I Want to Be Happy' in ten, eleven minutes, and we started playing it up there, and so help me, the waiters were all singing it with us; even those first Rotarians who came in early joined in, before they ate their lunch!"

That song helped, but not enough. *No, No, Nanette* stumbled into Chicago with its creative crew in a state of dark despair. Frazee went to New York and

hired cast replacements. Charlie Wininger, Louise Groody, Sammy Lee, all very high-priced talents. He replaced his director, Teddy Royce, a highly-thought-of talent. "Hell," remarks Caesar, "that was like firing Jerry Robbins today. But Frazee was a gambler with guts. He whipped us all, Frank Mandel, Harbach, Youmans and me, never gave up pushing us to make the show better. We opened in Chicago. Terrible notices. Business rotten. Frazee never quit. Sam Harris, who owned the theater, let us stay there. We kept on rehearsing, changing, fixing."

And what about the eventual showstopper? From what set of circumstances did "Tea for Two" spring? "Hell," says Irving, "that one is even crazier. We had it before we even went out of town! I lived in an apartment up on 54th. Gertie Lawrence and Bea Lillie had a little maisonnette down the street. They'd just arrived in town in *Charlot's Revue*, and they were the belles of the town. Gave parties every night, you'd see every blueblood there, hanging around the showgirls. Vince played piano so beautifully, talented, charming, and I had a song in their show, so Gertie always invited us. She'd run down the street, stand under my window and whistle up. That meant the party was starting.

"Well, one night, I was lying down, taking a little nap before the party, and Youmans came into my apartment and started shaking me, he wanted me to wake up—he had a tune he wanted to. 'Aw, Vince,' I mumbled, 'not now, I'm half asleep—tomorrow.' But he went to the piano and started it—*dee da dum, dee da dum, dee da dum, dee da dum, dee da dum, dee da dum, dee da dum*, and me, I'm like a fire horse, I get up, I'm half awake, he plays it a couple of times and I say 'Okay, here's a dummy lyric—tomorrow I'll write the real one. 'Picture you upon my knee, with tea for two and two for tea, and me for you and you for me alone.' That's lousy, but it'll do. 'Keep going, keep going!' he yells, and I went on, still half-asleep, so help me, and groggy, I don't know where the words were coming from. Sub-conscious, I guess. Anyway, in about eight minutes, it was done, finished!

"'Put this one away,' said Youmans. 'This one is just for us, we'll put it into the show after we do *Nanette*.' We knew we had a good song; that we could tell. 'Keep it a secret,' said Youmans. 'Don't go singing it for anybody!' He knew what a ham I am—I love to sing.

"Some secret. We did it at the party that night. Everyone loved it. Then, one day, at a *Nanette* rehearsal, Vince started playing it, and all the showgirls

came around the piano to hear it. We figured it was safe because Frazee wasn't around. But he barged in in the middle, and he heard it. Frazee made more sense drunk than most people do sober. He growled 'Put that one away, we can use it later.'

"It went in in Chicago, after that lousy opening. We kept on working, and after a couple of weeks, would you believe it, we got the critics back in? We got raves! We stayed in Chicago for three years! We had four companies all over the country before we opened it in New York, in 1925!"

The *NNN* saga went on for three decades, with foreign productions, a film version in 1940, and then a remake in 1950, starring the equally indestructible Doris Day. And now the wheel has come full circle.

So how does it feel to have your name back on the 46th Street marquee, above those lines of ticket buyers, and with your songs on a fresh tidal wave of cast albums, pop singles and sheet music, gushing forth royalties? "It's okay, sure I love it," admits Caesar, "but maybe not as much as if I had all my old friends around. Gershwin, Youmans, my brother Arthur—he was one hell of a wit and writer, and Otto Harbach, and my family, who ran a bookstore down on the Lower East Side, and Jimmy Walker—he always called me Oivin. It'd be nice if they were here to enjoy this hit with me..."

"You know what my real beef is?" Caesar jumps up from his Barcalounger. "I'm a natural-born performer—I always sold my songs by performing them. I sang Jolson's 'Swanee.' Durante always says I do 'Umbriago' better than he does! Remember 'Animal Crackers in my Soup'? When I did it for little Shirley Temple, she kissed me and called me Uncle! Why, I can do a whole ninety-minute show of my own stuff—anecdotes and songs!" Caesar begins to demonstrate, singing:

"Sometimes I'm happy,  
Sometimes I'm blue!"

His bass voice carries through the musty Brill Building halls, echoing past doors behind which labor blue-jeaned rock composers, country-and-western tycoons and newly-rich soul music vendors, none of whom were yet born when Irving Caesar was hammering out his blue-white diamond ASCAP standards in eight or nine minutes flat.

"... My disposition—  
depends on you!"

*Nanette* is back in town, Busby Berkeley, Ruby Keeler and Jack Gilford are all back in business, it's a clear case of life making fiction look pallid, the pendulum is swinging, and David Frost will be calling shortly—so sing it, Oivin!

## IRELAND

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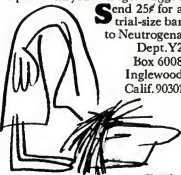
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## HOW TO FIND A PSYCHIATRIST

"...There's a better way to find a good shrink than asking for a recommendation from the psychiatrist you met once at a party..."

Finding a good psychiatrist in New York is enough to drive you crazy. Most people get to one by asking the friend who has one, consulting with the family physician, or calling a psychiatrist they met once at a party for a recommendation. Fishing names out of a phone book at random is difficult to do in New York, since psychiatrists aren't listed by specialty (they are in Philadelphia and someone I know claims to have gotten to a terrific one by this method) but are lumped in with gynecologists, urologists, pathologists and pediatricians. Actually, sticking a pin in a list is probably as good a way as any of the others, since your friend may be deep in the throes of positive transference, your family physician may have a brother-in-law who's just starting in practice, and the psychiatrist you met at the party may feel that he owes a referral to his old buddy from med school.

Most psychiatrists agree that, assuming you want and can afford a private psychiatrist, the best way to get hold of the one best equipped to treat your particular problems is to go to the best psychiatrist in town and have him do a diagnostic consultation. A top man in his field should be able to evaluate your problem (if you showed any signs of physical illness he might suggest you have a physical examination), determine the best course of treatment (analysis? psychotherapy? group? marital therapy? nothing?) and direct you to a good psychiatrist who can treat you. (The leading psychiatrists in New York are busy, busy men and the possibility of their taking on for treatment a patient whom they see in this kind of consultation is minimal.)

Generally, a good psychiatrist can make a thorough evaluation and an appropriate referral after one or two sessions, costing somewhere between \$50 and \$100. It could take longer, however, say up to three or four sessions, more if you're a possible candidate for analysis and your suitability for that treatment has to be determined. The problem comes, obviously, in finding out who exactly are the best men. A call to any of the referral services listed below with a request for "the best man



on your staff" is likely to be met with a rather involved sermon about how all the men on their staff are highly qualified, how it depends on the particular problem, and so on.

By and large, the psychiatrists who might be called psychiatrists' psychiatrists (the ones they'd send their wives to) have some high-ranking position with a medical school. Although it's as true in psychiatry as it is in any other discipline that there's no absolute correlation between grandeur of academic title and actual ability, the best way to increase your chances of being seen by an expert psychiatrist involves finding one of these men. You can get hold of medical school catalogues and starting with the head of the department of psychiatry, call the offices of the psychiatrists listed in descending order of seniority and request an appointment for a diagnostic consultation for referral. Copies of medical school catalogues can be found in most branches of the public library, or you can call or write the registrar at any of the schools and ask to be sent a catalogue. You can, of course, call and directly request the

name of the head of the department of psychiatry (or child psychiatry or adolescent psychiatry), but this will net you only one name and that psychiatrist may not see patients privately.

If you're unwilling to take the time to seek out a psychiatrist this way (you may have to call half a dozen before you finally make contact with one and then you might have to wait several weeks for an appointment), you can try alternative methods that, while not so theoretically foolproof, should lead you to a psychiatrist well equipped to make a good diagnostic consultation and referral.

One source for getting the name of an experienced man is your internist or family doctor (or gynecologist, for that matter) if he is connected with one of the hospitals whose psychiatric departments have good training programs for residents: Beth Israel, Columbia-Presbyterian, Mt. Sinai, New York Hospital (Payne-Whitney), Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals, Lenox Hill, Roosevelt, St. Luke's, St. Vincent's and University Hospital, all in Manhattan, Albert Einstein Hospital and Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, Hillside Hospital in Queens and the University Hospital of Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn. A request to your physician for the name of one of the top-ranking psychiatrists at his hospital should get you a highly qualified man. If he's connected with one of the medical schools, so much the better: get the names of the leading psychiatrists in the department from him. You could call cold, asking the hospital to give you the name of the chief of psychiatry, but you may find yourself with one name, and that not a useful one.

A call to one of the referral services of one of the voluntary hospitals connected with a medical school with a request for a "diagnostic consultation for referral" will yield the names of three well-qualified men. As a rule, the caliber of doctors on the staffs of these "teaching hospitals" is higher than that of psychiatrists who are attending physicians at hospitals not affiliated with medical schools. Columbia-Presbyterian, Mt. Sinai and New York Hospital

(Payne-Whitney), Albert Einstein Hospital and Downstate Medical Center have referral services, and although the names you get from them probably won't be those of their highest-ranking people, the over-all competence of the psychiatrists on their referral lists is always high.

If you're content to place your psyche in the hands of a younger (probably under 40) man with good credentials, a place to look would be at one of the psychoanalytic institutes. Psychoanalysts are not necessarily better than psychiatrists—only different. (The vast majority of psychiatrists—over 90 per cent—do not go on to train in psychoanalysis, not because they can't but because they prefer to work in other, broader disciplines of psychiatry.) Candidates admitted to the psychoanalytic institutes listed (page 63) probably have received excellent training. While neither Columbia nor New York Psychoanalytic Institute will give out the names of their most senior men, the doctors on their referral lists are all well qualified to do a competent diagnostic consultation. Even though these psychiatrists are analysts or in training to be analysts, they will refer you to someone for psychotherapy, if that is what's indicated.

Alone among all the referral services in the city, The New York County District Branch of the American Psychiatric Association provides one-to-one referrals; that is, they will try to match the psychiatrist to the patient's requirements and will keep calling psychiatrists until they find one who has the time to see you. It should be obvious that this is the place of choice for anyone who wants to avoid talking to a lot of answering services and psychiatrists before finally connecting with one, but their facilities are limited and you may have to wait your turn. The District Branch does not as yet have its psychiatrists listed by medical school teaching position or hospital affiliation, but a request for a diagnostic consultation with a senior man will be honored and referral to an experienced psychiatrist made.

You may not want to go the route of a diagnostic consultation. You may find the added cost prohibitive, the extra time before you actually get into treatment a real obstacle, or the idea of telling your story to not one but two psychiatrists decidedly unpleasant. You may have been in treatment before, have had a previous diagnostic consultation, or you may have such specific requirements on fee or location that a diagnostic consultation is unnecessary or impossible for you. In that case, putting yourself in the hands of any of the

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referral services should link you up  
with a good psychiatrist.

With one or two exceptions, all the  
referral services are informal and loosely  
structured, not primarily set up to  
provide for the relatively few callers  
who want the names of private psychia-  
trists. Most requests are for sources  
of low-cost psychiatric treatment and,  
although some services, notably the  
New York State District Branch, have  
psychiatrists listed whose fees range as  
low as \$15 an hour, the going rate for a  
private psychiatrist hovers around  
\$30 a session for psychotherapy and  
\$40 for analysis.

The psychiatrists whose names are  
on the referral lists are, as a rule,  
younger men and most of the lists are  
rotational—referrals are spread around  
to different psychiatrists and, unless a  
specific request is made, the caller will  
simply be given the next three men on  
the list. There is, by the way, no cer-  
tainty that any of the three psychia-  
trists named will have the time to see  
you. If that's the case, all of the ser-  
vices will give you additional names,  
if you call back.

Calls are taken by secretaries or ad-  
ministrative assistants; in some cases  
psychiatric social workers handle the  
calls. But almost every one of them has  
been fielding phone calls for years  
from people inquiring about some as-  
pect of psychiatric care and all have  
access to psychiatrists if there are any  
problems about where the referral  
should be made. The ladies and gentle-  
men are, on the whole, gentle and calm,  
eager to help, and dedicated to getting  
the caller into treatment, if that's what  
he wants. They usually ask for some  
information about the prospective pa-  
tient. A short statement about the na-  
ture of the problem (marital? anx-  
iety? drug addiction? have you been  
in treatment before?) will help match  
you with a psychiatrist used to han-  
dling your particular problems. What  
you're really doing, after all, is getting  
a miniature diagnostic consultation  
over the phone.

Obviously, fee and location can be  
very real hurdles to someone con-  
templating seeing a psychiatrist. A child  
can best be treated by a child psychia-  
trist; and if there's a language barrier,  
it would certainly make sense to locate  
a psychiatrist who hurdles yours. You  
should, however, bear it in mind that  
the more specific the request, the small-  
er the number of psychiatrists who can  
fill it. There can't be too many Finnish-  
speaking Seventh Day Adventists who  
specialize in treating transvestites. So  
you may want to think over whether  
you absolutely *have* to be seen by a  
younger man or an older man, or a



## Sorting Out the Shrinks

Leaving aside for the moment psychologists, psychiatric social workers, clergymen and others trained in any degree to do therapy, there are, among those M.D.s who specialize in psychiatry, Freudians and non-Freudians, Jungians, Horneyans, behavior therapists, encounter therapists, existential therapists, poetry therapists, and even a dentist. Unless you know a fair amount about psychiatric history and theory, it's almost impossible to figure out what school of thought is best suited to your need.

Generally speaking, in *psychoanalysis* the patient is seen four or five times a week, lies down on a couch and free-associates. The object is usually total rehabilitation of the patient's inappropriate, unfulfilling or self-defeating habits and thought patterns and mechanisms of behavior. Unconscious material, like dreams, slips of the tongue and fantasies, are analyzed.

In *psychotherapy*, the patient has one or more sessions a week and sits up. He rarely free-associates but deals more directly and specifically with problems, frustrations and symptoms, with the aim of correcting patterns relatively quickly—in months, rather than years.

Anybody, with absolutely no training whatsoever, without even a high school diploma, can call himself an "analyst" or a "therapist." Legally, you couldn't call yourself a psychiatrist, a clinical psychologist, or a psychiatric social worker, because these are legally defined, licensed or certified professional categories, like physician, or lawyer. In a perhaps doomed effort, here is an attempt to set the record straight:

A *psychiatrist* must have, first of all, a license to practice medicine, for which he needs an M.D. and a recommended, but optional, year's internship in a hospital. After that he will have had three years or more as a resident in psychiatry in a hospital. A psychiatrist can prescribe drugs, do shock therapy, and any and all kinds of therapy under the law.

A *clinical psychologist*, to be certified under New York State law, must have a Ph.D. in psychology, which may or may not include time spent in supervised treatment of patients. (In other words, a certified clinical psychologist may have earned his doctorate specializing in testing and might later practice psychotherapy.) A *psychiatric social worker* must have a master's degree in social work (M.S.W.), although some social workers have Ph.D.s. Depending on where the degree was taken, he will have had some supervised treatment of patients. The New York State Department of Education certifies qualified psychiatric social workers.

A *psychoanalyst* is, according to the American Psychoanalytic Association, first of all a psychiatrist. Only after he has completed his training at an accredited (by the APsAA) psychoanalytic institute should he call himself a psychoanalyst. Training must include a personal analysis, the supervised complete psychoanalysis of several patients, and three or four years of classes. Anyone can call himself a "lay analyst" and any lay analyst or analytically trained clinical psychologist can call himself a "psychoanalyst," and many do, receiving nothing more than black looks from the APsAA. The same is true of *psychotherapists*, who can be either your friendly neighborhood garage mechanic or a highly trained psychiatrist who doesn't do analysis and specializes in psychotherapy—or anyone in between.

If you want to check credentials and find out if you're actually going to a psychiatrist, you can consult the *Biographical Directory of the American Psychiatric Association*, available in the reference section of most libraries. The directory has brief biographies of all members of the APA, including year of birth, education (what you've been trying for years to find out), academic appointments and hospital affiliations, published papers and books and whether or not he is a member of the APsAA. Fellows, marked as (F), have been in practice at least five years, and have been elected by their colleagues for this "mark of excellence." Whether a psychiatrist is "board certified"—has passed an examination to insure competence in psychiatry—is also noted.

If your psychiatrist's name is not included in the directory it may be because (1) he has become a member since the publication of the most recent directory (1968); (2) he hasn't paid his dues for over three years; (3) he doesn't want to have his biographical data on display (some psychoanalysts don't); (4) he's not a psychiatrist. (You might look him up in the current directory of the American Psychological Association, or the National Association of Social Workers' Directory of Professional Social Workers. If he's not listed in these either, you might as well ask to see some proof of his training.) The New York County District Branch of the APA has the most recent information on its members and will read biographies over the phone.

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## "... Anybody, with absolutely no training whatsoever, can call himself an analyst..."

woman, for that matter. Most psychiatrists feel that, unless the problem is a very specific one, virtually any proficient psychiatrist should be able to treat almost any patient.

Many of the referral services have a few psychiatrists who will take Medicaid patients. But don't count on getting one; the demand is far greater than the supply, partly because of the amount of red tape involved in doctors getting paid by the city. Psychiatrists who use hypnosis to treat patients who want to stop smoking or lose weight are listed with some of the services.

With the exception of the two associations described below, referral services aren't geared to spending long periods of time on the phone and, because the amount of precise information they're likely to have about the psychiatrists on their list often depends on what the person who picks up the phone happens to know about the men, the degree to which specific requests can be filled varies. Generally speaking, the hospital referral services probably know their psychiatrists better than the mental health associations. Some places will not read you the credentials from the biographical sketches in the *Directory of the American Psychiatric Association* because they don't have the time; others simply don't have a copy of the directory.

If you feel that your needs are very special, the two referral services that can match you with a psychiatrist in just about any category are the New York County District Branch of the American Psychiatric Association and the Mental Health Association of New York and Bronx Counties.

Virtually every psychiatrist in Manhattan and Staten Island is a member of the New York County District Branch of the American Psychiatric Association. This professional organization has had a referral service for a number of years, but recently a task force on referrals, made up of a number of prominent psychiatrists, has attempted to expand its services and hopes eventually to provide a diagnostic consultation and a referral to the proper source, public or private, high- or low-cost, to any resident of the city who requires or desires psychiatric care. Unable to get funded to date, the referral service, while not yet all-encompassing, is still excellent and ambitious.

The Mental Health Association of Bronx and New York Counties has two psychiatric social workers fielding

phone calls. Used by virtually every agency in the city, this organization has about 600 psychiatrists on its referral list, although some of them are inactive and will not take referrals through the MHA because they have no available time. The MHA is more specialized than the District Branch; its questionnaire to psychiatrists (unlike the District Branch, the psychiatrist gets in touch with the organization if he's setting up practice or has some unfilled hours and wants to be put on the referral list) has unearthed psychiatrists who speak over twenty languages and who specialize in everything from acutely psychotic patients to vitamin therapy.

Once you've stated your needs to the referral service, their usual procedure is to give you the names, addresses and telephone numbers of three psychiatrists. It's then up to you to call, and, after stating to the psychiatrist that you were referred by whatever organization, to set up an appointment with him. It's a good idea to ask for credentials of the men whose names you're given. It would be impossible, I think, to wind up with a non-psychiatrist by using any of the referral services listed here, but you may be able to pick the best of three. If, say, you had the names of two 45-year-old psychiatrists and one was board certified and a fellow, had a teaching position at a medical school, was affiliated with a good voluntary hospital and had published some papers, he'd probably be better qualified than someone who had no apparent affiliations after his psychiatric residency. On the other hand, the second fellow might just be sitting there in his office curing people left and right.

While no one would advocate shopping around for a psychiatrist, there's no question that you may feel after a visit or two that this psychiatrist is simply not for you. Most of them have egos that are strong enough to take it (and of course it's his option to decide whether he can treat you successfully), and any of the referral services will give you three more names without questioning your motives. If you can bring yourself to discuss your feelings with your psychiatrist, and if he feels that your reasons are valid, he may even refer you to a colleague himself. On the other hand, if this happens more than two or three times, your psychiatrist might well question, and so might you, whether it's the psychiatrist or psychiatry you're opposed to.

## Consultation and Referral Services

**Hospital Referral Services**  
Voluntary hospitals connected with a medical school

**Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center**  
579-2527 (Doctors' Referral Service)  
About 200 psychiatrists  
Ordinarily three names are given out, although a "one-to-one" referral may be made in "exceptional" circumstances. Data is available on psychiatrists for matching to patient's needs by fee, location, age, sex, religion, race. Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid.

**Mt. Sinai Hospital**  
TR 6-1000 (Institute of Psychiatry)  
About 150 psychiatrists  
Data for fee, location (most are on the Upper East Side), age, sex, race, language. Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid.

**New York Hospital**  
TR 9-9000 (Payne-Whitney Clinic)  
35 to 40 psychiatrists  
Data available on location, age, sex. Credentials available; hypnosis.

**Albert Einstein Hospital (Bronx)**  
430-3467  
The setup here is somewhat different from those at the other hospitals and approximates, in a small way, what the New York County District Branch hopes eventually to do. An appointment will be set up with one of ten psychiatrists on the staff of the medical school for a diagnostic consultation (one to three sessions at approximately \$35 a session). Referral will then be made to one of several hundred psychiatrists in Manhattan and the Bronx on whom data is available for matching by fee, location, age, sex, language, religion and race. Credentials available. All consulting psychiatrists see patients in the Faculty Practice Offices of the hospital, located at 1825 Eastchester Road, Bronx.

**Downstate Medical Center (Brooklyn)**  
270-2905, 2926  
About 200 psychiatrists  
Data available on location, age, sex, language. Hypnosis; Medicaid.

**Analytic Institutes**  
Downstate's Psychoanalytic Institute does not have a telephone referral service. There are several other well-regarded psychoanalytic institutes, but only Columbia, New York and Downstate are approved training institutes of the American Psychoanalytic Association. The New York institute is somewhat more rigidly Freudian than the Columbia.

**The Columbia University Psychoanalytic Institute for Training and Research**  
927-0112  
About 50 psychiatrists  
No data is available on psychiatrists for matching with patient's needs in any category, although most psychiatrists practice

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in Manhattan and the average fee is \$30 an hour.

**The New York Psychoanalytic Institute**  
TR 9-6900 (Mrs. Oppenheimer or Mrs. Riethof)

About 10 psychiatrists

No data is available on psychiatrists for matching with patient's needs in any category, although most psychiatrists practice in Manhattan and the average fee is \$30 an hour.

### Referral Services

#### Professional Organizations

**The New York County District Branch of the American Psychiatric Association**  
(Manhattan and Staten Island)  
265-7786 (Miss Johnson)  
Over 600 psychiatrists

One-to-one referrals (they will supply you with the name of a psychiatrist who can definitely see you). Data is available on psychiatrists for matching with patient's needs by fee, location, age, sex, religion, race, language as well as specialized areas of practice. Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid; psychiatrists listed who will see patients outside usual office hours.

**The Mental Health Association of New York and Bronx Counties**  
924-5100 (Mrs. Bauman, Mrs. Galen)  
Over 600 psychiatrists

Data on fee, location, age, sex, religion, race, language, as well as type of practice (marital, child, adolescent, addiction, group, etc.). Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid.

**Brooklyn Mental Health Association**  
MA 4-5191 (Mr. Hechter)  
150-175 psychiatrists

Data on location, age (most are older men), sex, Medicaid. No specific listing of psychiatrists who will do diagnostic consultation.

**Kings County Medical Society (Brooklyn)**  
IN 7-9000 (Information Office)  
50 to 100 psychiatrists

Data on location. Hypnosis. No specific listing of psychiatrists who will do diagnostic consultation.

**Queens County Psychiatric Society**  
BO 8-1191

About 140 psychiatrists

An answering service will give the names of three psychiatrists. If more information is required, they will refer you to the chairman of the referral service, who has data available on fee, location, age, sex, language and type of practice. Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid.

**Queens County Mental Health Society**  
479-0030 (Mr. Fogarty)

About 20 psychiatrists

Data available on location, fee, age, sex. Credentials available; hypnosis; Medicaid.

**Richmond County Medical Society (Staten Island)**  
987-3377 (Mr. Hulnick)

10 to 12 psychiatrists

Data on location, age. Credentials available. There are no female psychiatrists in Staten Island.



# The Underground Gourmet By Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder **THE SOYBEAN SYNDROME**

One manifestation of the consumer revolt has been a turn toward the nutritive, chemical- or additive-free organically grown foods. As yet, only an assorted handful of macrobiotic, vegetarian or health-food restaurants exist to serve the people moving in that direction. Monya's, 1003 Second Avenue (53rd Street), 753-0328, a relatively new restaurant in the health food/vegetarian class, is one of the best of the genre. Its excellence is due to Monya herself, who runs the restaurant with only one assistant. Monya is a blond, vivacious woman with a fine flair for cooking and the ability to make her customers feel completely at ease. She is passionate on the subject of nutrition; an interest that grew out of her studies in skin care. The restaurant itself was an outgrowth of Monya's facial parlor, which originally occupied the premises. In the facial parlor days so many of her beauty care clients enjoyed Monya's casually prepared salad lunches that Monya eventually turned from working on the dermal outside to the fundamental inside.

The menu is written on a large slate and is subject to daily change. It is almost all vegetarian with one exception, the hamburger made with beef that comes from cattle raised on an organically nurtured pasture. The supply of this unique meat is limited to one shipment per month, generally occurring around the second week. Availability becomes a matter of pot luck. But, when the beef is around, Monya mixes it with onions and serves it broiled on toasted special whole wheat roll or bread. A tossed salad and one of her herb teas accompany the hamburger, all for \$1.95 (authors' choice). On the beefless days you might try the protein nut loaf, a sort of surrogate hamburger, although not offered as such (\$2.10, authors' choice). A similar dish is the hot nut rice loaf (\$1.65), served with a house green sauce. As culinary attempts that give meat-like satisfaction without the promise of imitation, these two amalgams come off very well. Hot entrees are served with a choice of cottage cheese or soybeans in addition to a dressed mixed salad of apples, tomatoes, carrots, red cabbage, peppers, and lettuce. A popular dish is "Monya's Special": two slices of very good whole wheat bread beneath a generous heap of moist light beige soybean salad (\$1.70), absolutely delicious (authors' choice).

As might be expected, Monya offers a number of salads: salmon (\$1.80),

tuna (\$1.70), egg (\$1.65), tossed green (\$1.65) and her special invention, "Triple Salad" (\$1.75). This is an arrangement of three major groups of ingredients—carrots and raisins, celery and apples, cole slaw and, to hold up the protein end, a fourth combination of soybeans, cheese and tomato in a sauce.

Other dishes that appear on various days are hot carrot loaf (\$1.95), or cheese-filled tomato (\$1.65). A number of pure vegetable soups (no meat broth) also are spotted throughout the week at 40 cents each. Vegetable purée is a rich blender-whipped mixture. The lentil soup, which we had most recently, was thinner than we've been accustomed to, but beneath the soup itself was a hearty base of mixed vegetables. The other soup is an old-fashioned mushroom barley.

One first-rate dessert is a creation called "Fig Delight" (50 cents), a sort of cross between a mousse and a pudding. Another item, also at 50 cents, is the apple rice Betty, a most satisfying mixture of brown rice, apples and raisins. The principal house beverage is the "Celery Refresher" (50 cents), a liquefied combination of celery and pineapple juice—an unusually palatable drink. Monya's super-special is the "Energee A Glow A Glow" (89 cents), a mélange of bone marrow, bone calcium, organic buds and sprouts and raw pressed olive oil. To close the meal in a more orthodox manner, the restaurant offers unusual teas: alfalfa, mint or rose hip (for the vitamin C devotee) served with either honey or raw sugar (25 cents).

Two other characteristics that make Monya's an unusually pleasant place are the room's restful quiet and the way the soft daylight fills the room. Both are welcome by-products of the restaurant's being one floor above street level. In short, the room gives off good vibes.

There is a homey quality to Monya's, with each dish prepared to the customer's order. This care and concern tends to slow up the service somewhat and may present difficulty as the restaurant becomes more popular. But the dishes are worth any reasonable wait. The room seats about 50 at widely spaced tables and at present is open seven days a week. Lunch is served from noon to 3 p.m., dinner from 5 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. ■

**Food—Excellent**  
**Service—Fair to Good**  
**Ambiance—Good to Excellent**  
**Hygiene—Excellent**

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(say: Goal-waz)



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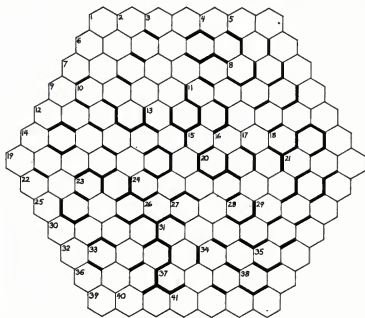
## THIRD DIMENSION

BY RICHARD MALTBY JR. (with acknowledgments to Jobri of *The Listener*)

**THIS WEEK'S INSTRUCTIONS:** Clue answers are to be entered in three directions: across (horizontally to the right), down (diagonally to the right), and up (diagonally to the left). Reading from "square" 2 clockwise around the outside of the diagram to "square" 1, and then diagonally through the diagram to "square" 38 is a quotation (34 letters) followed by its source (thirteen letters). Additionally, there are seven unclued answers—all "comparable" words from the same source. Answers include six proper names, one contraction, one Italian and one French word; 25 Up is a dictionary word found in Chambers' but not in Webster's.

### CLUES

- ACROSS**
- It may bring one a blessing, I hear, to be on one ———! (6)
  - Make cryptic signs be in a kind of proportion (7)
  - Two words of baby talk from a short-sighted fellow (5)
  - Celebrity who enters seraglio nervously... (4)
  - ... comes back almost fat (3)
  - Flushes flags (6)
  - Nothing in a game of rhymes (4)
  - Linked soundly, like eggs (6)
  - Sleeper used during trips (3)
  - Dawn of Greek civilization? (3)
  - It makes a Union soldier soldier potentially, depending on where one is inducted (6)
  - This mans a songwriter, solver (3)
  - In France, what goes in an omelette is 4/5 of what goes in a ragout (4) (*lingual clue*)
  - This pause, and this, puts part of me in more than one stupor (6)
  - A word that's left out of Christmas decoration—like Christ (4)
  - Over do, perfectly (4)
  - Are changes an aspect of musician-ship (3)
  - Add fined for concealment (5)



### DOWN

- Singer's tendency? (5)
  - They give you a lift but they shouldn't be trusted (5)
  - Somewhat less than a whole man! (3)
  - It may be charged after the above injury (3)
  - I'm long-winded and short-sighted (4)
  - Cooking's done without a ruler—sounds tender (4)
  - Follow a direct address to the governor in Turkey? (4)
  - Bellow in St. Paul, originally (4)
  - Appearing in horse show, drove by a ring... (5)
  - ... around rim, making short-cut... (4)
  - ... to a processed meal, of a kind (3)
- UP**
- Steep bribe (3)
  - Weak, not loud and vulgar, isn't it (4)

- Enemy for Negro, it sounds like! (3)
- For example, Chianti on 4 Down (4)
- El Morocco, at the beginning, kind of would, if you listen! (3)
- Punctuation marks at the ends of certain tracts? (6)
- Before two pounds goes back on the top of the head (4)
- Fester's tricks (5)
- Born of endless necessity? (3)
- Gun warmer (6)
- It's overwhelming what's left in what you eat (5)
- No, I'm as different from nice mothers-in-law, prototypically... (6)
- ... as father is to fathers-in-law or Henry V to Falstaff, initially (4)
- Stab nothing less than the British Prime Minister, for example (3)
- Help includes maids? You've got it backwards! (3)

*Editor's Note: Contest Rules and the solution and winners' names of "Crazy Quilt" appear on page 68.*



**NOTES FOR "NEW YEAR'S GALA"**  
The keyword is **CAROUSEL**.

**ACROSS:** 6. expend, "sex" anag. around "pend"; 11. occur; 13. plus(rev.)-Hu(nga)ry, fires; 15. 2 mngs., run; 16. Ro(rev.)-land; 19. as-pen, top;

20. vil/er; 22. W-and; 23., 25. a-c-rival; "score" anag. around "up"; 27., 29. star-1it; 2 mngs.; 31. ciao, pun; 33. fab/ric; 38. H/ate; 39. anag., line; 40. br(a)-ice, star; 42. f/y; 43., 44. due-list; mut(arr.)e, (rev.).

**DOWN:** 1. sofa-bed(anag.); 3. pun, (in)quells; 5. "huu" anag. around "sun"(rev.), auspicious; 6. spatula, St. Paul(anag.)-a; 7. ca/r; 8. H/eston; 10. planer, slip(rev.)-Ner(o); 12. pun, not; 18. fog. (rev.); 26. Bach(elor); 27. synonym, "my son" anag. around "N.Y."; 28., 29. sir, etc. (anag.); cup-cake; 30. p-liable; 32. fle(x)es, taxes; 34. anag., slender.

### WINNERS:


Printer's Devilry clues for **CAROUSEL**, a difficult Printer's Devilry word. Sympathy and admiration to all who wrestled so valiantly with it. Two reminders: (A) It is acceptable, even desirable, for the deviled sentence (the one offered as a clue) to make little sense but the undeveloped sentence (the reconstructed sentence with the missing word included) must make sense perfectly. Many entries had this virtually in reverse. (B) The

deviled clue must clearly suggest the nature of the undeveloped sentence.

For example, note that all the prize winners, when undeveloped, are simple, unlabeled sentences; and that each one, deviled, clearly prepares for such surprises as the words "vicar," "ouels," and "Arcaero"—and the question-in-quotes structure—that are going to appear in the corrected undeveloped sentences.

First Prize: Edward Fearon, NYC  
"My favorite kind of thrush," said the Vi/scout, heavily among the joys of my vicarage. (. . . said the Vicar. "Ouels count heavily among . . .")  
Second Prize: Mrs. Sheldon L. Berens, NYC (An excellent clue which would be totally fair edited slightly.)

Questions such as *a scant on/on—Gin! Gin! Gin! drinkers [might be discussed] at an A.A. [symposium].* (Questions such as "Can tonic arouse longing in gin drinkers?" might be discussed . . .)  
Third Prize: Paul M. Kramer, NYC  
When you mention a great jockey like a r/vish word—Sir? Pratie? (When you mention a great jockey like Arcaero, use lavish words in pratie.)  
Runners-up: John Abeln, Cambridge, Mass.; Frank C. Weinstein, Princeton, N.J.; Abby Rand, NYC.



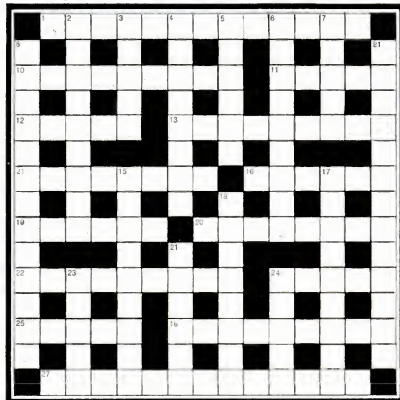
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# WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE



SOLUTION TO "CRAZY QUILT"



**ACROSS:** 1. side-stepping, side's-pet (rev.)-ping; 10. initiator, anag.; 11. epic, hidden; 13. London, £-on-don; 14. seditions, s(omething)-editions; 16. emulated, emu-late-d; 17. tsetse, anag.; 19. Elks, anag.; 22. identify, anag.; 25. Rabat, hidden; 26. caterpillars, react(anag.)-pillars; 28. edict, anag.; 29. cold front, pun; 30. tenderesses, tender-senses (anag.); 31. assuredly, a-s(sul)idly.

**DOWN:** 1. Siamese twins, s(l)ame-set-wins; 2. insecticides; insect decides (homonym); 3. diluted, di(lute)d; 4. Telstar, anag.; 5. attest, at-test; 6. teetotaler, tee-totaler; 7. repiner, re-piner (pun); 8. pious, Pl(o)us; 9. inns, "in"-N-S; 12. Aden, a-den; 15. kangaroos, anag.; 18. spieler, anag.; 20. debar, anag.; 21. outset, "out"-set; 23. encore, en-Core; 24. Eiffel, "feel" anag. around "if"; 27. beta, bet-a.

**WINNERS:** William Bogert, NYC; Al Backle, East Paterson, N.J.; Mrs. E. Langford Jones, Wilmington, Del.

**Maily Puzzle Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to Puzzle Editor, *New York Magazine*, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 15. Senders of first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. The solution and winners' names will be printed in the issue of March 1.

## Clues

### ACROSS

- 1 Frank follows the acknowledgement, getting in for nothing. (9, 4)
- 10 Flowers for one who's about to wed money, plurally speaking? (9)
- 11 Drive out in the victory parade. (5)
- 12 "In mad trance, strike with our spirit's—In-vulnerable nothings."

- (Shelley) (5)
- 13 New arts theme as presented by Noel Coward? (3, 6)
- 14 Denial forthcoming, for example, among the people. (8)
- 16 I love to hide behind swirling dust in the workshop. (6)
- 19 American lawyer is totally impartial about a particular American state. (6)

- 20 Woodman about to interrupt nurse. (8)
- 22 It isn't sea-food despite its fruity associations with shellfish! (4-5)
- 24 Dwellings of the less potent social classes. (5)
- 25 Cheer-up with a yarn back East! (5)
- 26 Pear-tree chopped up and died, but now given a par-

- ticular shape again. (9)
- 27 He switches to steam-trains, but these days has little to do with them. (7-6)

### DOWN

- 2 Communist turns up with a most excellent example of a pistol. (9)
- 3 Burning leaves in the fire-place? Just the opposite! (5)

- 4 Infusion you're always seeking for? (8)
- 5 Ring us, Edward, if thrown out. (6)
- 6 Clothing almost gratis in Australia. (9)
- 7 It's initially easy to work up a poet. (5)
- 8 The tobacco habit? (7-6)
- 9 All right, Jack? (9, 4)
- 15 Document you have to be willing to draw up? (9)

- 17 She's taking her turn with patient care. (4, 5)
- 18 Second sound of hesitation creates the impetus. (8)
- 21 Iberian city from which one has left in a pair of spectacles. (6)
- 23 A huge stop. (5)
- 24 Quite possibly recorders of sporting finishes. (5)





If you've  
been smoking  
one of these,  
you know what  
good taste is.

## Now meet The Challenger.

We made it for you. A new filter cigarette with a fresh new flavor for people who really enjoy a good-tasting smoke. Try The Challenger... just for the taste of it.

The coupon on the back is just a little something extra.

NEW CHESTERFIELD FILTERS.

## The mild sensation: it was a philosophy before it was a Scotch.

Centuries ago, one of the world's wise men learned that things, as well as life, needed a sense of proportion. Else they soon paled.

And the idea took hold. Except, it seemed, in Scotch.

No Scotch appeared to have that sense of proportion so necessary for it to wear well, year after year.

So we set out to find Scotch's

golden mean. To create the one Scotch that could lay claim to that ultimate blend of aged mellowness and youthful lightness.

In short, the mild sensation.

We found it by blending 45 of Scotland's lightest whiskies.

But with one difference.

We mellowed each at least eight full years.

Obviously, this costs us a little more. Which seems to be worth the price, since when we're finished we have something a little more than just another light Scotch.

We have Scotch at its lightest. And its mellowest.

Modesty prevents us from calling it a way of life.



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Scotch at its lightest.

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